

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 234.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1851.

\$3 PER ANNUM.

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## THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

THROUGH various stages of doubt, trial, and misconception, the copyright has at length attained the dignity of a Public Question. Battling along with various advocacy through a course of years, it has become a topic of general interest, worthy of attention. Its old opposers have left the field, and no new champions have taken their place. It is now a case before the court in which no attorney appears for defendant. The moment for enacting the law by default seems now at hand, and if there be any man who has sought to say why judgment should not be entered up in behalf of claimants, this is his time to appear. The law now has no great need of verbal vindicators, and yet it is a pleasing consideration that as the time of honorable decision approaches, the friends of the cause multiply; and we fancy there are not a few gentlemen who have been accustomed to speak of the Rights of American Authors under the breath heretofore, who are not now unwilling to be openly recognised and proclaimed as their special well-wishers. There was a time—and we speak this in justice to those who have stood by the home interests of the question through good and evil report—when it was hazardous to the welfare, and almost damnable to the hopes of any young native writer to be found asserting the rights of his class. He was looked upon as an intruder; an impertinent Mar-plot in the grand scheme of universal republication, to be assailed by all printers, binders, booksellers, publishers, and shop boys, as an invader of the worship of that chaste "Diana of the Ephesians,"—the republishing interest.

Now the native author's right to a law which shall place him on a level of competition with the foreign author, is conceded on every hand. Black is no longer with cool assurance argued to be white; nor wrong, right. The only point remaining open is, What is to be done? Various codifiers are at hand with various propositions—with a new turn in the practical management of the matter, by late English decisions,

which allow to American writers a copyright on their works published in England, the English authors, meanwhile, enjoying no reciprocity in this country. For the moment Brother Jonathan seems to hold the trump card; but we doubt very much whether he is disposed to retain it, unless he can be satisfied that he has acquired it by a fair deal.

Brother Jonathan asks no largess, even from John Bull. He is quite as able to give as to take; and if you once put him on the generous track, we have no fear that he will "show up mean." Sir Edward Bulwer was clearly wrong in his view of our national characteristics, at the late copyright meeting over which he presided in London, when he doubted that generosity beget generosity. Brother Jonathan, if you know him well, is as freehanded in giving as in taking, and when once his spirit is fairly up, he is far more likely to overdo than to fall short of the fullest measure of liberal dealing. In the observations with which the distinguished English novelist follows up this position, he is, in our judgment, much nearer the mark: "It was undoubtedly the first duty of a nation to protect and secure the rights of its own subjects; and this country having done that which was just in offering to other nations protection to their works, he (the chairman) thought it was most unjust to our authors by any act of Parliament, or construction of any act, to sanction, foster, and reward a system of piracy which discouraged their labors and diminished their profits. Sir Edward then proceeded to point out, at considerable length, that it was quite impossible for America to encourage a healthful national literature whilst the people of that country had the opportunity of getting our works at a much cheaper rate than they could purchase their own. The system pursued in America—that of smuggling English literature and selling it at the lowest price—must have a great effect upon the style of American compositions, and thus the literature of that country become a reflection and an imitation of our own literature rather than the spontaneous offspring of a different society growing up under different aspects of nature."

While we desire the amplest justice to others, it is the home interests of the authorship of our own country for which we too are most anxious. In that direction lies the best hope of a nation. What is it but the lack of that vital and harmonizing fire which gives unity to a people, through its national literature, which could exhibit our confederacy to the world as a distracted and unwieldy bulk of discordant elements, threatening momentary dismemberment. Physical interests will hold the States together for the present: but as the strain of the various elements increases, nothing can keep us to a central union but the intimate fusion of the whole country through common sympathies, derived from and kept in lively response, by national writers.

Sir Edward hits a great nail upon the head when he asserts that "the system pursued in America, viz. that of smuggling Eng-

lish literature and selling it at the lowest price—must have a great effect upon the style of American compositions, and thus the literature of that country become a reflection and an imitation of our literature rather than the spontaneous offspring of a different society growing up under different aspects of nature." If the speaker had been a resident and observer in our country for the last few years he would have seen many curious illustrations of this line of reflection. He would have found that the nearer the American writer approached to some English model, so that he could be readily classed in with the run of foreign publication, the more favor he would find with the Trade. On the other hand he would have seen that the original American writer, true to his own genius and to the instincts of his country, inasmuch as he interrupted the smooth current of reprint blending all publications of all kinds in one, was more likely to be held to be an outlaw and disturber of the peace. The literature of the country, it was their conviction, was set to an English tune, and what business has this man or that man in marring the general harmony. So comprehensive has been this influence, and so universally allowed, that you will find on an examination of the records of public occasions, where British speakers have figured; and on very many American occasions too: all mention of the individual and characteristic writers of this country has been studiously omitted—and those only honored who may be regarded as imitators and continuations of the Literature of England. We do not specify names, because each intelligent reader will admit the general truth of our position. In this way we are denationalized on our own soil.

Is it no business of the Executive of this country: of the lovers of the Union: to consult the welfare of the Republic in a matter of such high concernment? Are they willing to stand by while the very foundations of national unity are undermined? While the heart of the country is alienated, and that class which can most powerfully cheer and strengthen it is discouraged and unrecognised? What course, then, do we recommend? Our answer is briefly: Let the National Government, in all its branches, TREAT THE AUTHORS OF THE COUNTRY LIKE MEN.

## MR. OF THE PACIFIC, No. V.

### TABOGA IN 1849 AND '50.

THE village of Taboga, with its hundred houses or so and its white-walled church, we have described as lying at the opening of the green valley which divides the two loftiest of the hills of the island. From the bay in the distance, as we sail into the harbor, the little brown huts of cane and palm-leaf thatch look like the dwarf-houses of a Dutch toy village; and as they show themselves irregularly scattered about, peeping through the gaunt cocoanut-trees that wave their feathery tops high above them in the air, they seem as if they might have been fixed in their straggling sites, by the caprice of some child architect at play. Some of the huts top the



weatherworn rocks which divide the beach, and jut into the bay; here, upon the rocks, the pelicans may be seen full paunched and torpid, dozing after a feast of fish with which they have glutted themselves in the waters below. Some of the huts are thrust back into the valley among the leaves that shade the stream which flows between the hills. Others again are grouped about the margin of the shore; when the tide is out, a wide surface of smooth beach stretches before them; when the tide is at its full, the waves murmur and beat at their doors. This beach is the chief approach to the island; here the boats land from the vessels in the harbor,—bringing idle skippers to lounge about the village,—bustling stewards to make their purchases of live stock, fruits, and vegetables, and busy sailors that go struggling up the beach with great water casks. The heavy ship's boat, with a strong pull of the oarsmen, is driven, lifted upon an advancing wave, high and dry upon the shore, while the native canoe, light and buoyant, with a gentle sweep of the paddle, seems to leap like a supple fish right out of water far beyond upon the sands. Here, upon the beach, the natives embark on their voyages to Panama and the neighboring isles, and here return. Here come from Quibo, the Islands of the King, the Pearl Islands, and other places in and about the Gulf of Panama, large canoes heavily freighted with provisions, pigs, fowls, yams, and fruit of every kind, to supply the steamers and shipping. This beach, too, is the favorite resort of the natives when the cool of the evening breeze invites them to breathe the pure air; here the men lie idly about, smoking their Taboga cigars, and stretched among the fleet of canoes, left by the tide high and dry upon the shore; here the Taboga women lounge about, fanning themselves with the breeze, and cooling their bare feet upon the moist sand; and the naked children, with great glee and noise, sport with the waves, flying from the coming, and running after the going tide.

The native inhabitants of the village are a simple minded, quiet, ease loving, enjoying people. Existence subdued and softened into languor by the warm, moist, vapor-like atmosphere of the tropical island, its drowsy repose in the still bay, and its fulness of sensuous enjoyment, and soothed with beauty, and fattened with abundance, seems like a long sleep. The various origin of the people shows itself in the occasional characteristic features of the Spaniard, African, and Indian; but mostly a general harmony of color and form prevails, giving the natives the look of the Egyptian race in their bronzed complexions, rounded limbs, and regularity of feature. The blood of the proud and cruel Castilian conqueror, the wild Indian, and patient Congo slave, mingled together, free of all harshness and bitterness, flows a mild mixture in the veins of the quiet Taboga people. They have all a sleek, well fed look, and are unruffled and happy. The men are lithe and strong, and, though indolent, capable of labor. The women are full formed and graceful, their movement easy and unrestrained, their features smooth and unvaried, and their eyes are large, full, and slumbering.

There is little need of work in this well favored island. Food can be got by stretching out the hand to take it, for nature generously supplies an endless store; shelter and clothing are hardly needed, where

summer lasts for ever. The men, however, build cool huts of a native bamboo, and thatch them with the leaves of the palm, cultivate small fields of maize and yams, scoop out great trunks of trees, and launch their canoes upon the bay to fish, or sail to Panama, to barter their loads of fruit for the coarse cloth of Manchester, for their own use, and flaunting calicoes, cotton laces, bright colored Chinese handkerchiefs, and cheap finery to adorn the women. The women keep at home mostly, swinging in their hammocks the live-long day, or busy-ing themselves with their small household cares,—tending their young, if mothers,—preparing their simple feasts,—or plaiting palm-leaf baskets,—or pounding the maize,—or otherwise doing the simple duties of their simple life.

As in all villages there are some notabilities who are thought to be somewhat better than their neighbors, and to have more claim upon the notice of the chronicler than others: so there are in the village of Taboga. First of all, there is the Padre, no reverend ecclesiastic of demure face and sombre mien, but a plump, jolly, "oily man of God," without a care or wrinkle, as round, smooth, and unctuous as a Spanish olive,—no ascetic who thinks that the joy of this world must be bartered away to secure the happiness of another, but a right merry fellow,—who never puts off to the morrow any pleasure that may be got to-day, and never giving a thought to the paradise above, seems quite contented with his paradise here below, and makes the most of his merry life among the orange groves and dark-eyed girls of Taboga. He is a happy mortal, beloved of his simple flock, and an especial favorite of the Taboga women. By a free interpretation of the law of celibacy, or somehow or other, he has contrived to become the father of more than his share of the dark faced and black eyed urchins that indiscriminately toddle about the village. There is no better judge in the whole village of the fighting qualities of a game cock, and to see him to advantage, just look at him when he has doffed his canonicals, after saying mass in church on a Sunday, and observe how his smooth, oily face glistens, and how young and spry he looks, with his finely woven Panama hat hung knowingly on one side of his black, crisp hair, and how gay, in his flowing white trowsers, and his bright, red silken sash, and how earnestly he thrusts himself among his cockfighting parishioners, and bets upon the fight. He will outdance, too, any young gallant of Taboga at a fandango, and his presence always puts fresh spirit into the movements of the dancing girls, who think him the most lovable man in all Taboga. Though a cockfighting and fandango dancing parson, the Padre is not unmindful of his spiritual duties. Upon Sundays and saints' days, he is always to be found at the church, surrounded with an odor of sanctity, chanting the mass with his oily voice, and he is always at hand to perform his spiritual functions at every birth, marriage, and death in the village. He has, however, a little *curé*, an infant Christ carved in wood, with golden hair, and red painted cheeks, upon whom devolves much of the parochial duties on the more tedious of these occasions. At the earliest prospect of a birth or death, the little painted *curé*—who, by the bye, is somewhat the worse for wear in the course of his heavy labors, and would be the better for a fresh coat of paint

—is despatched, to cheer by his blessed presence, the suffering and dying, from his place at the high altar in the church where he sits cross legged at the spangled skirts of the wooden virgin in the worshipful company of painted saints and apostles. On Saints' days, and especially upon the day of the patron saint of the island, Our Lady of Carmen, the Padre, all gilt and spangles, shows to great advantage, leading over the island, at the break of day, his procession of well drilled vestals, all in white raiment and with their dark flowing hair decked with orange blossoms, bearing crosses adorned with flowers, and carrying Our Lady of Carmen, gallanted by that glowing little Cherub, the little *curé*, under a canopy brilliant with gay blossoms, and odorous with rich perfume. We question whether the people of Taboga, the women especially, would exchange their favorite Padre for the Pope of Rome himself.

You may see any day at Taboga, a tall, gaunt, raw-boned, red-haired virago, her fiery hair streaming over her stringy neck and square angular shoulders, and her bony limbs but half covered with her scant robe, with a thin wrinkled face mottled with freckles, like a bit of parchment shrivelled with age and spotted with mould, looking as fierce as the savage Bellona, and sitting as straight as a dragoon upon the back of a bull, that with a slow heavy tread moves its great bulk about the village, guided by a meek Taboga man, old, deaf, and rheumatic. Jupiter and Europa! you exclaim; the imperial and rampant Jove subdued into the tamest of bulls, and the enticing Europa sharpened into the sharpest and ugliest of shrews! The meek Taboga man for one, we have reason to know, would not object to a celestial translation, if the taurine Jove should get up his spirits sufficiently to spirit away his Europa to the heights of Olympus. The red-haired Europa in Dona Juana, as she is called by the natives, with a due regard for her imposing dignity, the old Scotchwoman, as the irreverent strangers term her; the bull is her bull, the only steed kept upon the island, and the meek Taboga man is her servant of all work and most obedient husband. Dona Juana is a thunder gust in temper, and when she storms, as she often does at her subdued bull and meek partner, her voice has the concentrated shrillness of a storm blast, and pierces the air like an angry wind; all her milk of human kindness has long since soured, turned acid, doubtless by the storms of her own conjuring. She is held in great awe, as she may well be, by all the quiet natives round about, and in great esteem too for her wondrous skill in physic. She looks like a sorceress, crouched in her low hut, the dirtiest in the village, surrounded with dirty bottles and filthy packets of drugs, mixing her medicine potions. What with her unsavory compounds of castor oil, nauseous jalap, and the bitter stuff of her own composition of which her nature would supply enough to store a doctor's shop, she makes undoubtedly a great impression upon her patients. How Dona Juana, whose rude Scotch tongue resists like vinegar the oily smoothness of the Spanish, and has an unmistakable smack of her native land, ever entered the paradise of Taboga is a mystery. She is one of those stray waifs of humanity that, tossed about in the storm of life, finally drift to rest in the quiet places of the world. The beauty of the village is Dolores,



as soft, pulpy, and sweet as a Taboga orange. She is one of the full formed beauties, ripened in the shade and repose of the island. Swinging all day in her hammock, and moving only in the early morning or cool evening, to take her bath in the Taboga stream, and living upon the nutritious maize and rice, and luscious fruit, she has become as white and smooth-skinned, and rounded and plump, as one of the Circassian women in the Turkish Sultan's seraglio. Her features have a dreamy, listless expression, though the fulness of her Spanish and voluptuous mouth, and the bright sparkle of her black eyes, save them from dullness and a want of interest. Her hair is a jet black, and flows in thick profusion over her rounded shoulders, which her low drapery exposes in all their glistening whiteness and full development. Her hands and feet are small and white, like those of most Spanish women, who take heed that no labor or exposure shall spoil their beauty, of which they are so proud. All fall in love with Dolores, but she is a sad coquette, and the world is warned accordingly.

There is Frank, the dark Maltese, a handsome Moorish looking fellow, who has sailed and fought under every flag of Christendom, and done, it is whispered, dark deeds too, with slaver and pirate crew. He leads a jolly life; is a famous trader with the shipping, supplying it with provisions, and buying in return brandies, wines, and other stores, with which he supplies the sailors and natives from his shop near the shore. There is Slingman too, a restless New Englander, who always looks like a shipwrecked sailor, who boasts of having been a lawyer in Vermont, a slaver on the coast of Africa, and American consul at the Sandwich Islands. He has a Taboga wife, and is one of Frank's best customers for French brandy. But enough of these Taboga worthies.

The island of Taboga is free from all dangerous and venomous insects and animals; there are neither the scorpions nor the deadly vipers which infest the main land, and some of the other islands in the gulf. There are, however, some curious, grotesque, and beautiful living creatures that surprise the eye of the stranger, and would interest the naturalist. There is the uncomely iguana, which is caught in the woods by the dogs, and much prized by the natives as food, for its rich and savory flavor. There are the land crabs which burrow upon the summits of the hills, and once in a year come down in myriads to lay their eggs in the sands. The whole island is then alive with them on the move, the leaves and undergrowth rustle under their rapid, crackling tread; they come down in torrents, and their march through the island sounds like the pattering of great rain drops. Then the natives feast, for the land crabs are choice food, and are to be caught on such occasions without an effort. They inconspicuously in their hurried movement rush down the hills into the huts, and go helter skelter into the very *pot au feu*. On one day they are flowing down the hills in hosts, and on the next they have disappeared like a shower. There are brilliantly enamelled toads and lizards, whose bright colors of green, red, and yellow, glisten in the sun like precious stones. There is the macaw flaunting in the bright light with its many colored plumage, and disturbing the quiet of the island with its noisy talk, and the grey feathered, mild-toned dove, that

hides itself in the wood. There is the busy insect, the *comyon*, that destroys in a few months, riddling them like a sieve, the gallant ships whose stout timbers have withstood the storms of the ocean, and turns into dust the lofty houses of man's hands, the work of long and laborious days. There is the shrill cricket, that sounds from afar like the sharp blast of a steam whistle, that the new comers call the railroad cricket.

Among the full tropical growth of the island, its wealth of timber, leaves, fruit, and flowers, there is no limit to the display of the useful and beautiful. The *sancto espirito* blossoms on the island, in the dove formed petals of which beautiful flower the religious sentiment of the Spanish catholic devoutly worships a symbol of the Holy Spirit. Here too grows the *javonilla*, a vegetable soap, the leaves of which moistened with water form a creamy lather, sweeter and smoother than the best Windsor. This is much used by the Taboga women in their baths, and to it they attribute their smooth skin and their rich growth of thick flowing hair.

So much for the picturesque era of this beautiful island. Another era has commenced with California and the American Steamers. Already in 1850, there were great heaps of coal stored beneath the palm-trees of the island, ungainly store-houses crowding out the orange trees, great sea steamers with their dark hulls, and vessels of all kinds floating in the quiet harbor. Bamboo huts turned into shops, with rum, gin, and other civilized commodities for sale, and filled with drunken sailors; the indolent native men, stimulated by gain, were hard at work, and the women had left their hammocks and had become washers of foul linen. There were strangers of all kinds coming from and going to California. The Bowery was on its travels, and it might here be seen in red flannel sleeves swaggering noisily about the quiet island of Taboga.

Taboga is virtually the port of Panama. All vessels make this island their resting place. Panama, from its exposed and open roadstead, and the great rocky strand that stretches out for a league beyond the walls of the town does not afford a safe anchorage. Large vessels cannot approach within three miles of the town. Taboga has all the advantages that Panama wants, a secure harbor, large and deep enough for vessels of the greatest draught, and a good holding ground for anchorage, an abundant supply of the purest water, and above all, a natural dry dock. There is a cove towards the southern end of the island, secure from all wind and storm, which stretches to a distance of three ship's lengths between two high banks of rock. When the tide is at the full, the largest ship can be hauled in afloat, till its bowsprit reaches the orange trees at the furthest end of the cove closed by the island. When the tide, which falls almost thirty feet is out, the ship will be left high and dry upon a smooth hard beach of sand gently sloping towards the bay, and the hull as readily got at for repairs as in any ship yard. Some of the large California Steamers have been beached in this cove, and extensive repairs made. The steamer Oregon was beached here and a portion of new keel put in, in a way which would have done credit to the ship yards in the East river. There is, it is believed, no other place on the Pacific coast where similar repairs could have been done so well.

When the travel across the Isthmus of Darien shall have been perfected by the completion of the Panama Railroad, the little island of Taboga will be developed into the imposing position of a great Pacific port. It will be at the gate through which will pass the great caravan of trade, that will gather from China in the East, from Oregon, California, and Mexico, along the wide stretch of the north-western coast, from the islands in the Pacific and from the far distant continent of Australia, from the New Zealand isles, and from the long extent of the South American coast, from Chili and Peru.

P. S. The writer of these sketches has, he thinks, a cause of complaint in the unwarrantable use that has been made of one of his previous papers, by an evening journal, the *Commercial Advertiser*. The sketch alluded to was changed by transposition of sentences, the alteration of words, and the introduction of new phrases, and fashioned into an article, which however it may suit the taste and convenience of the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, the present writer does not wish to be responsible for. Credit was given to the *Literary World* for the altered article without any allusion to the fact of the alteration.

#### LITERATURE.

##### LATIN PRONUNCIATION.\*

THE little pamphlet with this long title is really *multum in parvo*—one of those books that suggests the perpetration of an article on it longer than the work itself. Professing to be merely a guide to scientific students who are not scholars, it opens out into a discussion of all the doubtful questions in Greek and Latin pronunciation. These questions cannot fail to be of interest to every scholar, particularly an English or American one, on account of the greater damage which the learned languages suffer in being subjected to the pronunciation of ours. Our difference from and inferiority to the continental nations of Europe in this respect arises, not so much from the *consonants*—*tatzé*, *taché*, and *tathé* are probably as great variations from the original sound of *tace* as *tasé* is—but from the continually recurring vowels *a*, *i*, *u*. It is not probable, however, that the English will ever alter their habit of pronunciation, although it renders their attempts at conversing in Latin with German or Italian scholars difficult and ludicrous. In this country, where scholarship is more limited and more in its infancy, any attempt at such change might be more likely to succeed. Indeed it has partially succeeded in New York, where we have adopted a pronunciation of Latin and Greek nearly approaching the German; but the New Englanders still retain the English powers of the letters, with the additional ornament of as many false quantities as possible. Still it is not probable that even we shall generally adopt a new standard of classical pronunciation, because it is difficult to ascertain satisfactorily what the real standard was, for many reasons.

First, there are the natural caprices of language. Suppose the French should cease to be a living tongue, by what analogy

\* Elements of Latin Pronunciation, for the Use of Students in Law, Medicine, Zoology, Botany, and the Sciences generally, in which Latin words are used. By S. S. Haldeman, A.M., Professor of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: Lip-pincott, Grambo & Co.



or parity of reasoning from the other European languages should we be likely to arrive at its true pronunciation? If several files of the *Charivari* and other comic publications remained, the puns and rebuses might help us to find out some of its peculiarities, such as that it has more than a dozen combinations of letters to represent the simple sound of long *o*, but others, such as the pronunciation of the diphthong *oi*, we should never be likely to hit—unless indeed we found in some English, German, or Italian author, French words written according to their sound in those languages—and even not then with perfect accuracy, by reason of

Secondly, the uncertainty with which sounds are rendered from one language to another. The Romans, we are expressly told by themselves, had no sound corresponding to the Greek *upsilon* and were obliged to invent a character for it; neither English, Spanish, nor Italian have a sound corresponding to the French *u*. German teachers and German grammars will tell you that their *ü* is equivalent to the French *œu* and their *u* to the French *u*, which is contrary to the experience of every man's ears who has heard the two languages spoken constantly, and also to the fact that such rhymes as *schön* and *gehn*, *blick* and *zurück* occur continually in the best German poets, whereas no Frenchman would think of rhyming *cœur* with *amer* or *dure* with *pire*. The Greek diphthong *u*, though generally expressed in Latin by *i*, was in some well known words, as *Medea*, expressed by *e*, but this may have been owing to another cause, which brings us to

Thirdly, the variableness of pronunciation in different parts of the same country, and by different people. In France and England there is but one standard, but equally well educated men in different parts of Germany will pronounce the past participle of the verb *geben*, *ghegayben*, *yegayben*, and *geyayben*. The instability of some of the Greek diphthongs, particularly those of the long vowels with a subscript, seems the only hypothesis capable of accounting for the contradictory modes in which they are expressed.

Fourthly, we have the difference of opinion among individuals themselves as to what sounds are different and what identical, what long and what short, what long and short sounds correlative. Thus Mr. Halde- man seems to consider the French *u* and German *ü* precisely equivalent to each, which we consider a want of discrimination. On the other hand, if asked the quantity of the vowel in *art*, we should say it was long like that of *arm*, for which he would reprehend us. And many people still maintain the (in our opinion) traditional infatuation of English lexicographers, that *ai* and long *a* have a different sound, e. g. that *fair* and *fare* are distinguishable in pronunciation. The great confusion of vowel and diphthong sounds, as well as of correlative short and long sounds, tends to destroy our accuracy of ear in this respect.\*

Fifthly, limited knowledge and the imperfect generalization consequently made from one or a few languages, constitute a

\* In English two of the vowels (i U) have diphthongal power, one vowel (the continental U) can only be represented by a diphthong (*eo*) and the ordinary long and short powers of every vowel belong to two different letters or a letter and a diphthong. Thus *e* in *father* and *la fete* are the *e* and *e* of most languages, and so on throughout; in no one case is the short power of a vowel the sound of its long power shortened, or the short correlative of its long sound.

formidable impediment and source of error. When we are discussing what a sound ought to be or how one sound should fall into another on general principles of speech, it requires a most extensive knowledge of different languages to justify a dogmatic assertion of what those principles are. We have often seen and heard advanced in support of the uniformly hard pronunciation of *C* and *G* in Latin, the artifices used in the modern continental languages to preserve unchanged the sound of the radical consonant (e. g. *manger* makes *mangeons* not *mangons* in the first person plural, *rico* makes *riquismo*, not *ricismo* in the superlative) and the absence of any such artifice in the ancient tongues. But this rule does not hold in the language most immediately descended from the Latin; it requires no more than a fashionable opera-goer's knowledge of Italian to observe that *amico* makes not *amichi* but *amici* in the plural. Mind, we are not arguing against the uniform pronunciation of the Latin *C* and *G*—indeed the correspondence of the former to the Greek *κ* is a sufficient proof in its case at least—but only remarking that the analogy so often advanced to support it is imperfect and defective. And Mr. Halde- man quotes a ludicrous instance of a man's English associations misleading him, in Bonnycastle's argument that the Latin *v* could not have been pronounced like *w*, because it is vulgar to say *winegar* in English!

The result of these difficulties (and we are not sure that we have enumerated all the difficulties of the case) is that it is not possible to determine satisfactorily the pronunciation of all the Latin letters so as to form a complete system which philologists will generally agree to. In the case of some letters we can attain to absolute certainty; in the case of others, after all our speculations, we are left in absolute uncertainty; and there are various shades of probability between. Sometimes having decided one letter we can by means of it decide another with all the neatness and accuracy of a mathematical demonstration. The comparison of *tu-tu* to the cry of the screech-owl, the agreement of most modern languages in their pronunciation of *u* and its Greek equivalent *ο*, the absence of any contradictory evidence from any source, all unite to justify us in assuming that the Roman sound of this letter was our *oo*. Going a little further we find that *u* and *v* were interchanged and stood in the relation of vowel and consonant; comparisons among other languages show us that *v* is the consonant sound of *oo* (as exemplified in the identical sound of the French word *oui* and the English word *we*). We see that such a poetic form as *silua* is immediately and naturally explained by pronouncing the original word *silva*—and the result of these and many similar observations is a conviction that the Roman *v* was pronounced like our *w*.

Sometimes we have a probability as that the Roman diphthong *æ* was pronounced like our *ee*, which is inferred from the relations of its Greek equivalent *αι*, which represents long *e* in the heroic genitive form *αιας*, lengthened expression for *αιε*, and is found closely connected with the same sound in such changes as *αιδα* from *ιδεα*. But this probability cannot be so far confirmed as to exclude the possible correctness of other hypotheses.

Sometimes we are divided between a nearly equal balance of authorities and probabilities, so that not only no certain but no

probable conclusion can be arrived at. Such is the case with the Roman *E* (connected with and involving the whole question of *Etacism* and *Iotacism*, otherwise called the Erasmian and Reuchlinian controversy, in regard to Greek pronunciation), the diphthong *YI* and the aspirates. In some of these the Greek correspondence give us no assistance whatever, any more than we could obtain information of the values of *y* and *x* out of the single equation  $y=x$ .

The above somewhat desultory remarks, suggested by a mere glance at the general plan of Mr. Halde- man's book, may give some hint of the wide field it opens. To go into it in detail is not our intention; we have neither time nor space. Occasionally in grappling with a subject of so great extent, and seeking to pack down his results as closely as possible, he has, we fear, exemplified the "dum brevis esse laboro, obsecrus fio;" in other places, e. g. his illustrations to prove that the Greek *Ξ* was *sd* not *ds*, he is very lucid and satisfactory. There are a few peculiarities of his system which demand special notice. Into these parts and these only of his work shall we enter minutely.

He considers—that is, if we understand him correctly, which we are not quite sure of, for the paragraph is somewhat ambiguously expressed—that the Greek *φ* was an aspirated English *w*. Now, in the first place it has always been agreed that *φ* (whatever its sound may be) was cognate to *π*, and it seems rather inconsistent to take away an aspirate from a tenuis existing in the language, leave it without any, and give the aspirate to a tenuis not existing in the language since the disappearance of the digamma and only represented by the vowel sound *ee*. Secondly, the combinations brought about by such a pronunciation would be most unharmonious; *hwatratia* (*φωρπια*) for instance. To be sure there are some puzzling arrangements of consonants in Greek; why *φ* in iambic verse should be permissive (i. e. admit a short vowel before it) and *π* not, when according to our organ of hearing and articulation *sm* can go together in one syllable much better than *hm*; or why in any verse a proper name like *Daphnis* should be a Pyrrhic rather than a Trochee, so that we must separate the syllables *Da-phnis* and not *Daph-nis*—these are mysteries to us; but there is one consideration that settles the question to our mind. The combination *hw* induces a vowel before the *r*—thus *hwatratia* would come to be pronounced *hwiratia*. Now it was precisely to avoid a similar occurrence that the Greeks inserted letters in words like *δωδε* and *πενδεκα*; and we are therefore justified in concluding positive that such a combination as *hw* is contrary to the genius of the Greek language.

Donaldson's idea that *φ* had the sound of *p* followed by an aspirate as in the English word *haphazard* is rightly rejected by our author. Mr. D. fortifies himself with the reduplications (e. g. *εἰπερε*) and contacts like *εαρεα*. The former do not make for his theory any more than for the usual one, and the latter go dead against it, for our *p* with an aspirate after it is hard enough to pronounce, and *two* would be next to impossible. In answer to another theory of Donaldson's that "the Latin *F* must have contained a guttural element," he cites the change from *F* and *S* to *H* mentioned in the *American Journal of Science* as a pecu-



liarity of Hawaiian and Tahitian languages compared with the Polynesian standard. This is equal to Mr. Donaldson himself, who will always be talking about *visarga* or *anusvara* instead of *apocope* or *ecthlipsis* to astonish us poor fellows who are badly off for Sanscrit. There was no use of going so far out of the way to get an illustration. Any father of a family may find it in his own nursery. It is the most ordinary thing for children before they can speak plain to use the aspirate instead of F in beginning a word, to say *honey* for *funny*, &c. They also frequently substitute the aspirate for initial S; the converse of which is seen in *śaṣ sal*, *śaṣ silva*, and the like. H is capable of being articulated before S or F can be, and when the organs are imperfect as in infancy or the ruder stages of society, it is used for what afterwards becomes s or f. The Barbarians of the Spanish provinces recorrupted F into H, and it still remains as their written language, e. g. *facio*, Spanish *hacer*, &c., though the H is no longer sounded. There is one remark on p. 74 which—knowing by sad experience how likely one is to make such slips, especially when sedulously laboring to condense a paragraph—we are inclined to put down as a *lapsus*. It is this:—

"The letter J does not lengthen syllables by position, nor do the ancient grammarians enumerate it among the 'double letters.'"

Of course they did not, for a double letter was the union of two letters, and J only a repetition of the same letter. But if J does not give length by position, why do all the books tell us so? Why did we learn at school the old canon—

"Vocalis longa est si consona bina sequatur,  
Aut duplex aut i vocalibus interjectum!"

A vowel is long if two consonants together follow it, or a double one, or I between it and another vowel (consonant I or J).

Simply because the medial J always has the vowel before it long—a tolerably sufficient reason in our opinion.

Perhaps it is our author's intention to resolve J, wherever it occurs in poetry, into two Is, and connect the former of them with the previous foot, so as to make a dactyle of it; e. g. to read the line

*Aeternam moriens famam, Cajeta dedisti,*  
thus,—

*Aeternam moriens fa|mam, Cū|jeta de|disti,*

as some people always resolve *cui* into a dissyllable. Or would he in all cases attract the J to the previous vowel and make a diphthong of the two, reading *major*, for example, *mai-or*? Without one of these two artifices we do not see how he can escape from the ordinary rule.

If we are asked why J, whether considered as a double I or as the consonant power of I (just as V [W] is of U [oo]), ought to give position, we really cannot pretend to say, but the fact seems tolerably obvious.

We should be glad to hear from Mr. Haldeman on this point and some others, if he will condescend to notice reviewers who know neither Chinese, Arabic, nor Irish. Meanwhile, we take leave of him with reluctance.

#### MRS. NORTON'S STUART OF DUNLEATH.\*

STUART OF DUNLEATH is one of the many earnestly written novels of the day, and

\* Stuart of Dunleath: a Story of the Present Time. By the Hon. Caroline E. S. Norton. Harper & Bros.

well worthy to stand in the foremost rank of that honorable company. Its hero is not the immaculate insipidity which we were formerly treated to in works of the class, a character as conventional and unchanging as the walking gentleman of the stage, the youth who always goes about in white pantaloons and patent leather boots, summer and winter, by way, we suppose, of being prepared in costume for the "walking" connected with his character, the most satisfactory portion of which is his walking off at the close of the performances. Stuart of Dunleath first appears as a young man of twenty, the bearer of the tidings to a wife and young daughter, the occupants of an English manor-house, that one is a widow, and the other fatherless; the head of the family, and his dear friend, having died in his arms on the voyage from India, where he had honorably acquired immense wealth in the exact fulfilment of arduous public service. By his will, Stuart is placed in comfortable possession of £10,000, and made guardian to the little girl, nine years old, who becomes an heiress to an income of £5000 a year. His devotion to the memory of his dead friend, and his interest in the little girl, induce him to remain at the manor, and devote all his attention to his fair charge, the mother of whom being a very feeble person in body and mind, and much more interested in a son by a former marriage, now grown to man's estate. This son, Godfrey, is a naval officer, who brings the strict regime of the quarter-deck to the minutest details of private life, and is for ever swinging the cat over people's consciences. He is a faithful and most valuable illustration of the stern disciplinarian, who admits no other construction of other people's actions but his own, regarding all men and women as of the same cast iron composition as himself. With all this he is a thoroughly conscientious, honorable man, such as the character is generally found in real life, but the mischief he does is none the less distressing on that account, and may be pondered to advantage by those who are gifted with a like temperament.

The little girl expands to the beautiful maiden, and the guardian, who by the way it is not unimportant to mention is *tout ce qu'il y a de mieux* in the way of good looks and accomplishments, combined with grave manliness, of course falls in love. The maiden's equally strong predilections are not shaken by the balls and beaux of a London season, and we are looking forward to the honorable scruples of the lover, on account of disparity of fortune, and the doubts of the lady as to whether she or a certain fascinating Lady Margaret is the object of the guardian's desires—being all speedily and happily overcome when the stream of the narrative which has hitherto glided gently along between summer banks, rushes suddenly down a wild precipice and pursues thenceforward a troubled course to its close. This sudden change is not unnaturally brought about, but it is not our business to forestall the reader's interest in the narrative, a thing we would not like to do at any time, least of all in these dog-days, when a good novel is so great a desideratum. The change we have mentioned is the means of introducing a circle of Scotch characters, radiating from a "Laird," and on whom Mrs. Norton has exerted her best powers of satire. They present no favorable specimens of Highland aristocracy, being all compounded in equally

disagreeable portions of brutality, meanness, and pride.

The following episodic extracts will show that the book has other besides its narrative claims for perusal. We insert the first for the benefit of any hapless lover who may be placed in a like plight in these hot days of closed window-blinds and dark doorways:—

#### OUT OF TOWN.

"I do not know anything more distantly blank than London when the one person has left it, or anything more curious than the impression given, by the absence of a unit out of the countless population, that the great swarming city has been emptied of all its inhabitants. When Sir Stephen's valet asked for orders for the groom next day, his master had none to give. It did not appear to him that there was anywhere to ride to. He took a sauntering, moody walk, mechanically bending his steps to the Serpentine; his eye wandered over the mass of open and closed carriages, equestrian and pedestrian passers-by, without particularizing. He knew there was nothing to see—no one to recognise. She had left town! Life was at a standstill till he could write to Mr. Stuart, and receive an answer; a wind-mill whose sails had stopped work."

It is proper to remark that the "Euphemia" of the following passage is a very young child:—

#### THE CHURCH PORCH.

"'But have we no right to sit in the porch unless she attends afternoon service?' said Lady Margaret, laughing. 'We sat there to enjoy the sweet evening, Euphemia being tired. The clusters of the traveller's joy and Virginia creeper, reminded us of the cemetery at Frankfort, and we were speaking of the beautiful inscription over the gate of that burial-ground—'God's Rest.' God's evening rest, when the toil of life's day is over! Our talk was very innocent and unworldly, I assure you.'"

"'Of course; no doubt, Lady Margaret; but she might have rested somewhere else. Not to attend church, and then to saunter past and sit down at the door!'"

"'My dear Mr. Marsden, I should have been glad, instead of sitting down at the door, to have gone in with the child, and prayed in the church, but for the English custom of locking out prayers till next market-day is over, and the Sabbath come round again. But I repeat that I consider two services a day too much for Euphemia. Do you think she could learn nothing in the church porch? It is a solemn place. It is impossible to sit there, and not think of those who have passed through for many generations—the pious, the careless, the chance visitor, and the villager, who perhaps never heard prayers except in that one church; living and dying without ever straying from his native place! the very stones are worn away by the pacing of the feet of those whose prayers in this world are over. What congregations have poured silently out of the narrow entry, each bearing his own impression of the hour; none knowing what passed in the heart of his neighbor; none saying, 'Brother, what smote you?' and yet we know that at some time words spoken within have consoled the grieving, rebuked the sinful, converted the sceptic, or awakened the worldling. And the preacher has gone out last—not knowing whether God has called, by the instrumentality of his weak voice, one soul nearer heaven than on the preceding Sabbath. A church porch on a summer's evening, is a sermon in itself.'"

"'Sermons in stones, and good in everything,' said David Stuart, with a smile."

#### THE POET OF THE CRADLE.

"Her children were as carefully trained as Eleanor's; and though none were as lovely as



Frederick, or as clever as Clephane, they were good and governable. Even the last new baby (vice a first, second, and third baby, superseded) had its own green bud of a notion of right and wrong; and put down its little willful, quivering lip, and shook the tears from its glittering eyes, at the uplifted finger, warning it not to let

'Its angry passions rise,'

long before it was old enough to comprehend the sweet lines in the volume of hymns by Dr. Watts, which Emma kept in her pocket, and which she continually referred to; saying that it put all she wanted to say to the children 'into such nice words!'

"Oh, Watts! gentle-hearted old man! did you ever foresee the universal interest which would link itself to your name, among the innocent hearts of earth? Did angels reveal to you in your own death-hour, how many a dying child would murmur your pleasant hymns as its farewell to earth?—how many living children repeat them as their most familiar notions of prayer? Did you foretell, that in your native land, and wherever its language is spoken, the purer and least sinful portion of the ever-shifting generations, would be trained with your words? And now, in that better world of glory, whose mysteries of companionship we are not allowed to penetrate, do the souls of young children crowd round you?—do you hold sweet converse with those, who, perhaps, were first led into the track of glory by the faint light which those sparks of your soul left on earth? Do they recognise you, the souls of our departed little ones—souls of the children of the long ago dead—souls of the children of the living—lost and lamented, and then fading from memory like sweet dreams?

"It may be so; and that when the great responsible gift of authorship is accounted for, your crown will be brighter than that bestowed on philosophers and sages!"

#### GOOD AND BAD OLD MAIDS.

"Those that wooed her she would not marry, and those she desired to marry would not woo. So it came to pass that Tib was an old maid.

"Now, of old maids there are many kinds. Cuvier himself could scarcely have classed the multitude of the species. The patient, pious old maid; the brisk, busy old maid; the gaunt, the precise, the dressy, the grim, the gossiping, the spiteful, the kindly; all these, buzzing in and out of the world's great hive, may puzzle us by their variety. But one great distinction they share with the rest of their fellow-creatures, married or single: there are bad and good old maids. One species, gentle, meek, useful; having no ties of their own, making ties of the very tenderness and affection of their yearning hearts; nursing sick children; looking after the poor; taking all the trouble off the hands of some overburdened mother of a family; governess, friend, housekeeper, and humble companion, all in one; women perfect in their way; women who lack nothing of being saints, except canonization.

"But to balance the love we might otherwise feel for the lonely race, there is another species: busy-bodies; intriguers, thrusting themselves out of their own solitary homes into the homes of others, to work earwigs in the core of fruit; toad-eaters; slanderers; full of flattery; full of spite; struggling to keep their ground by the meanest concessions; affecting not to perceive the most open rebuffs; ready to undermine by the grossest treachery; envious; pitiless; daughters of the father of lies, and serving him perpetually."

#### OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.

THE poetical division of the library bears the same relation to the other portions of weightier calibre which surround it, that the flower does to its leaves, branches, and roots, or to the trees of the forest. To subdivide

still farther, no portion of that division is more prized than that devoted to those perennials, whose bloom is of centuries, whose very titles call up sensations of delight to those who care at all for the "divine art." We mean the Old Ballads.

Who does not remember his first reading of Percy's *Reliques*, the feeling of novelty and freshness, with a tinge of delight in the pride of antiquarian research, with which he passed from Chevy Chase to the Child of Elle, the identification of feeling with which he put to sea with that brave sailor, Sir Patrick Spens, or turned to the sad shade of the green wood with the banished man. Who has not still ringing in his ears the lively allegro of Suckling, "Why so pale, fond lover?" or the organ-like penseroso of Shirley's "glories of our birth and state."

Never was better service done for literature than by Bishop Percy in the publication of his three volumes. The pure enjoyment he thus afforded to the world, the positive good he thus effected, was a work not unworthy of his high, sacred office. It is the better part of a century since the *Reliques* excited the mirth of Dr. Johnson, who if he had chosen to read them, and not been in a crotchety humor, would have been as strong a lover, as he was in reality a hater, of these simple, but genuine, hearty effusions.

Among books of the selecter class few have been more popular than Percy's *Reliques*. The immediate and continued success of these volumes has produced a great number of others on a similar plan, so that the "ballad literature," as the Germans would phrase it, stretches through many a shelf of the poetical library. Nor have the workers in this attractive field been merely antiquaries or men of taste. They can rank among their number Sir Walter Scott, Burns, Motherwell, and Allan Cunningham.

The latest production of the class is a 12mo. volume of most elegant exterior, entitled "A Little Book of Songs and Ballads," edited by Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D., author of several works on Early English Music. The poems he has here given us are mostly derived from music books of the Elizabethan period, that glorious prime of Poesy when not only its mighty founts, its Shakspeare and Spenser, but its humblest rivulets of the ballad and song of hedgerow minstrels, overflowed with melody.

Many of the poems in the volume are now first unearthed from their antique repositories, and as we think them quite equal to some of the most widely popular productions of this class, we have thought we could not do our readers better service than by transcribing a few for their benefit; particularly as the original volume is not likely to reach many of our readers.

#### LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

"This excellent song," says Percy (*Reliques*, vol. iii. p. 294, ed. 1812), "is ancient, but we could only give it from a modern copy." The version now printed is taken from a rare musical volume, entitled *Cantus, Songs and Fancies*, printed by John Forbes, at Aberdeen, in 1662; again in 1666; and, lastly in 1682. The "Second Part" is from a broadside, "printed at London, for F. Coales, dwelling in the Old Bailey:"—

Over the mountains,  
And under the caves;  
Over the fountains,  
And under the waves;

Under waters that are deepest,  
Which Neptune still obey;  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out his way.

Some may esteem him  
A child by his force;  
Or some they may deem him  
A coward, that's worse;  
But if she, whom he doth honor,  
Be consenting to play,  
Set twenty guards about her,  
Love will find out his way.

Many do lose him,  
By proving unkind;  
Or some may suppose him,  
Poor heart, to be blind;  
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
Do the best that ye may,  
Blind Love, if ye do call him,  
He will grope out his way.

Well may the eagle  
Stoop down to the fist;  
Or nets may inveigle  
The phenix of the east;  
With tears ye may move the tyger,  
To give over his prey;  
But you'll ne'er stop a lover:  
Love will find out his way.

If the earth doth part them,  
He'll soon course it o'er;  
If seas do thwart him,  
He'll swim to the shore;  
If his love become a swallow,  
In the air for to stray,  
Love will find wings to follow,  
And swift flee out his way.

Where there is no place  
For the glow-worm to ly;  
Where there is no space  
For the seat of a flea;  
Where the gnat dare not venture,  
Lest herself fast she lay;  
But if Love come, he'll enter,  
And will find out his way.

There is no striving,  
To cross his intent;  
There is no contriving,  
His plots to prevent;  
For if once the message greet him,  
That his true love doth stay;  
Though demons come and meet him,  
He will go on his way.

The fifth and concluding stanzas occur, with some variations, in the second part:—

#### TRUTH'S INTEGRITY;

Or, a Curious Northern Ditty, called "Love will find out the Way."

#### To a Pleasant New Tune.

#### THE SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot  
Which true lovers knit,  
Undoe you cannot,  
Nor yet breaks it.  
Make use of your inventions  
Their fancies to betray,  
To frustrate their intentions  
Love will find out the way.

From court to cottage,  
In bower and in hall,  
From the king unto the beggar,  
Love conquers all;  
Though nere so stout and lordly,  
Strive, doe what you may,  
Yet be you nere so hardy,  
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,  
And greatest emperor,  
In any provinces,  
Such is Love's power:



There is no resisting,  
But him to obey,  
In spite of all contesting,  
Love will find out the way.

If that hee were hidden,  
And all men that are,  
Were strictly forbidden  
That place to declare;  
Minds that have no abidings,  
Pitying their delay,  
Will come and bring him tidings,  
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,  
He would gallop it ore;  
If the seas should orethwart him,  
He would swim to the shore;  
Should his love become a swallow,  
Through the ayre to stray,  
Love would lend wings to follow,  
And will find out the way.

There is no striving  
To crosse his intent,  
There is no contriving  
His plots to prevent;  
But if once the messenger greet him,  
That his true love doth stay;  
If death should come and meet him,  
Love will finde out the way.

#### O DEATH, ROCKE ME ASLEEP.

From a MS temp. Henry VIII., in the possession of the editor. It has been imperfectly printed, from a different MS., by Sir John Hawkins and Ritson; the former ascribed it to Anne Boleyn, and the later to her brother, Lord Rochford. There is no good evidence on either side.—(See *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct., 1838, p. 466.)

Richard Edwards was the author of a ditty entitled "The Soul's Knell," which, we believe, is not known to exist. The title would lead us to expect something like the following:—

O Death, rocke me asleepe,  
Bringe me to quiet reeste,  
Let passe my weary guiltles ghost  
Out of my carefull brest:  
Toll on the passinge bell,  
Ring out my dolefull knell,  
Let thy sounde my deathe tell:  
Death doth drawe ny,  
There is no remedie.

My paynes, who can expres?  
Alas! they are so stronge:  
My dolor will not suffer strength  
My lyfe for to prolonge;  
Toll on the passinge bell,  
Ring out my dolefull knell,  
Let thy sounde my dethe tell:  
Death doth drawe ny,  
There is no remedie.

Alone in prison stronge,  
I wayte my destenye:  
Wo worth this cruel hap that I  
Should taste this miserie—  
Toll on the passinge bell,  
Ring out my dolefull knell,  
Let thy sounde my dethe tell:  
Death doth drawe ny,  
There is no remedie.

Farewell my pleasures past,  
Welcum my present payne,  
I fele my tormentis so increse,  
That lyfe cannot remayne.  
Cease now the passinge bell,  
Rong is my dolefull knell,  
For the sound my dethe dothe tell:  
Death doth drawe ny,  
There is no remedie.

#### WHO LIVETH SO MERRY IN ALL THIS LAND?

From *Deuteronomia; or, the Second Part of Musick's Melodie, or Melodius Musicke of Pleasant Roundelaries, &c.*, 1609.

Who liveth so merry in all this land,  
As doth the poore Widdow that selleth the sand?

And ever ahee singeth as I can guesse,  
Will you buy any sand, any sand, mistress?

The Broom-man maketh his living most sweet,

With carrying of broomes from street to street;  
Who would desire a pleasanter thing,  
Than all day long to doe nothing but sing?

The Chimney-sweeper all the long day,  
He singeth and sweepeth the soote away;  
Yet when he comes home, although he be weary,

With his sweet wife he maketh full merry.

The Cobler he sits cobbling till noone,  
And cobbleth his shooes till they be done;  
Yet doth he not feare, and so doth say;  
For he knows his work will soon decay.

The Merchant-man doth saile on the seas,  
And lye on the ship-board with little ease,  
Always in doubt the rocke is neare,  
How can he be merry and make good cheare?

The Husband-man all day goeth to plow,  
And when he comes home he serveth his sow;  
He moyleth and toyleth all the long yeare;  
How can he be mery and make good cheare?

The Serving-man waiteth fro' street to street,  
With blowing his nailes and beating his feet;  
And serveth for forty shillings a yeare,  
That 'tis impossible to make good cheare.

Who liveth so merry and maketh such sport,  
As those that be of the poorest sort?  
The poorest sort, wheresoever they be,  
They gather together by one, two, and three;  
And every man will spend his penny,  
What makes such a shot among a great many?

#### THE FAYRIES DAUNCE.

From Thomas Ravenscroft's *Brief Discourse of the true but neglected use of Characterizing the Degrees [in Music] by their Perfection, Imperfection, &c.* 4to. 1614.

Dare you haunt our hallowed green?  
None but fairies here are scene—  
Downe and sleepe,  
Wake weepe,

Pinch him black, and pinch him blew,  
That seekes to steale a lover true.  
When you come to heare us sing,  
Or to tread our fayrie ring,  
Pinch him black, and pinch him blew,  
O thus our nayles shall handle you.

#### THE SATYRE'S DAUNCE.

[From the same.]

Round a, round a keepe you ring;  
To the glorious sunne we sing—  
Hoe, hoe!

He that weares the flaming rayes,  
And the imperiall crowne of bayes:  
Him with shoutes and songs we praise—  
Hoe, hoe!

That in his bountie he'd vouchsafe to grace  
The humble Sylvannes and their shaggy race.

#### THE URCHIN'S DAUNCE.

[From the same.]

By the moone we sport and play,  
With the night begins our day;  
As we friske the dew doth fall,  
Trip it little urchins\* all:

\* Urchin, in its original signification, is a hedge-hog, but came to be applied to a little elf or goblin of a mischievous kind, and thence to a child of a similar disposition.

Lightly as the little bee,  
Two by two, and three by three,  
And about goe wee, goe wee.

#### L'ENVOY.

[Source not given.]

Go, Little Booke, touttle world,  
And shew thy simple face,  
And forward passe, and do not turne  
Agayne to my disgrace.

For thou shalt bring to people's eares  
But truth, that needes not blush;  
And though perchance thou get'st rebuke,  
Care not for that a rush:

For evill tongues do itch so sore,  
They must be rubbing still  
Against the teeth, that should hold fast  
The clapper of the mill.

Desire those men that likes thee not,  
To lay thee downe againe,  
Till some sweet nappe and harmlesse  
sleepe  
Hath settled troubled brayne.

#### WEBSTER'S ORTHOGRAPHY.

THIS literary atrocity, by a deliberate vote of our state legislature, has been thrust into the common schools of New York; and, aside from questions involving party politics, we do not remember a more shameless abuse of legislative power. A body of men, elected from political considerations to perform political duties, and who, if not absolutely uneducated, are, as a whole, very far from being well educated, undertake to decide a question on which scholars alone are entitled to give an opinion! They might as well have presumed to decide on the relative merits of cold water and calomel in chronic diseases. But the whole affair is a publisher's job. The chief thing in the case to be regretted, is, that Webster's radicalism should, by a combination of circumstances quite foreign to its demerits, be thus, to a certain extent, branded on the minds of the rising generation. We take leave to hope, however, that the teachers of the common schools will understand their duty better than the legislators did theirs: and while making some use of the dictionary forced upon them, will have good sense enough to dodge its orthography.

We cannot better present the whole case than by transferring to our columns the brief, able, and well-reasoned report of Mr. Beekman, submitted by him to the Senate, on the 7th of July. The important portion of it, contributed by Mr. Gould, is from a pen which has done service in this cause before: our readers will recognise in his argument the grounds taken by him already in the articles of the Websterian controversy some months ago in our pages, signed Q.

"IN SENATE, July 7, 1851.

"Report of minority of committee on literature in reference to the purchase by School Districts of Webster's Dictionary.

"The chairman of the committee on literature, unable to agree with the other members of that committee in recommending Webster's Dictionary as suitable to be purchased by school districts throughout the State: Reports—That the importance of placing a proper standard of orthography and language in the hands of the million of children at this time attending the common schools of New York, is with difficulty appreciated. First teachings are hard to unlearn, and the spelling and pronunciation



acquired at the primary schools are likely to remain fixed for life. The admitted objection to introducing by authority any book as a text book into a system of schools, which owe their excellence to a wholesome rivalry among their various boards of trustees, applies with tenfold force to a dictionary. A recommendation from the Secretary of State, in his capacity of Superintendent of common schools, has sufficient force; and it is eminently proper that in his discretion, he should suggest to the districts the names of books which his leisure and opportunities enable him to criticise. But when the Legislature, by enactment, undertakes to say that the library money shall be expended for the purchase of a certain work, and that unless orders to the contrary are sent to the central department, that book shall be paid for by the State, and its costs kept back out of the library fund due to each district, serious mischief must result.

"One successful application to the State on the part of a publisher will open the way for another, until presently the whole fund will be paid out by authority at Albany, without allowing the smallest choice to local trustees. A premium for importunity is thus offered, which must assuredly soon fill the few shelves of the district library with trash as vile as any which the ignorance of rural book-buyers, as alleged by the friends of Webster, could select.

"In the case now presented to the Senate, the work proposed to be sent by authority into the twelve thousand school-houses, is one concerning which men of letters are far from being agreed. The purest writers of English refuse to admit its claims as the standard. By immense exertions a large array of names, not unknown to fame, has been collected in recommendation of the book. Those favorable notices, however, relate rather to its convenience as a reference, than to its value as a dictionary. Sir Richard Phillips's *Million of Facts* is an invaluable *vade-mecum*, but is far from an English dictionary. Webster packs together a mass of words and phrases in almost every language, and calling the whole '*An American Dictionary of the English Language*,' we are asked to receive it as the best dictionary extant—as promoting great reforms in orthography, and as shedding new light upon etymology.

"It is assumed that Webster is an acknowledged standard of the language. High authority may be adduced to the contrary, but it may be well to say here, that Webster has published four or five dictionaries, all differing from each other. These successive editions do not advance upon the principle first assumed, namely, that of leaving out all superfluous letters, and introducing a succinctness and terseness of spelling which would commend itself to universal esteem by its convenience and neatness. On the contrary, the Meriam edition, which the State now proposes to buy, retrogrades from the orthography of the edition of 1828 and of 1845. The word *build*, for instance, is spelt in both the former editions, *bild*. A pupil in the N. Y. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, lately persisted in spelling upon his slate the word without the *u*—insisting that he was right, and upon being permitted by his teacher to go to the library, at his earnest request, returned, bearing Webster open at the place, in triumph, to prove himself right. The Meriam edition resumes the *u*, spelling the word *build*, and therefore does not fulfil

the promise on its title page, that it contains the entire corrections and improvements of the second edition, in two volumes royal octavo. In that edition the spelling is '*bild*.' Webster is but a vacillating reformer.

"Webster," says an able critic, "began his career as a lexicographer by spelling words as they are pronounced—'aker, soc, iland, stedly, wimmen, lether, imagin'—he ended by making a dictionary valuable for its definitions, scientific terms, old and obsolete words, and generally for its etymologies—although these were sometimes fanciful, and sometimes adapted to a specific purpose."

"No American writers of eminence spell by its rules. Neither Irving, nor Bancroft, nor Bryant, nor Hawthorne recognise its authority. The cheap publications of the Harpers have done more to create Provincialisms, a literary evil from which America has hitherto escaped, than any one who has not given attention to the subject would believe. Should the state of New York add its *imprimatur*, we may have ere long, expurgated editions of '*The Wars of Granada*,' or of '*Twice-Told Tales*,' of the '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' or the '*Vicar of Wakefield*,' done into American prose—the spelling curtailed in the bloomer style to the most utilitarian and bandy-legged proportions, and a 'crebrous claudication,' to use Websterian English, jingling in every line.

"Washington Irving, in reply to a letter of inquiry, addressed to him by the chairman of the committee on literature, says:

"SUNNYSIDE, June 25, 1851.

"Dear Sir—Several months since, I received from Messrs. G. & C. Meriam, a copy of their quarto edition of Webster's Dictionary. In acknowledging the receipt of it, I expressly informed them that I did not make it my standard of orthography, and gave them my reasons for not doing so, and for considering it an unsafe standard for American writers to adopt. At the same time I observed the work had so much merit in many respects that I made it quite a *vade-mecum*."

"They had the disingenuousness to extract merely the part of my opinion which I have underlined, and to insert it among their puffs and advertisements as if I had given a general and unqualified approbation of the work. I have hitherto suffered this book-seller's trick to pass unnoticed, but your letter obliges me to point it out, and to express my decided opinion that Webster's Dictionary is not a work advisable to be introduced 'by authority' into our schools as a standard of orthography.

"I am sir, with great respect,

"Your ob't serv't,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"To HON. JAMES W. BEEKMAN, Chairman of the Senate Committee of Literature."

"Mr. Bancroft, the historian, cordially approves the opposition now made to the introduction of any dictionary by authority. He has never been willing to adopt the Websterian mode of spelling.

"Webster's career," says Edward S. Gould, in a letter to the chairman of your committee, "was a mistake, because based on false assumptions. He assumed that the language needed reformation, and that he was able to reform it, the latter blunder being far the greater of the two. He began forty years or more ago on the extreme of his own theory, and his first false step was to mistake the duties of a lexicographer, whose

province is to *record*, not to *legislate*; to say what the language is, and not what it should be. Webster assumed the right to make and alter in conformity to his own views, and assuming that superfluous letters were an orthographical evil, and that conformity between the spelling and pronunciation of words was an orthographical desideratum, he almost went to the extent of our contemporaneous phonographers. Finding, however, on experiment, that this would not do, that the storm of criticism he had provoked was more than he or his book could bear, he began to modify to suit the critics. He published (in a course of years) five different dictionaries, all in retreat from his original ground, and stopped modifying only when he stopped breathing; and his literary heir and successor and son-in-law, Goodrich, thinks it strange that everybody is not satisfied with these concessions on the part of Webster!—as if a shop-keeper were to demand \$5 for an article worth \$1, and then, after chaffering, and finally and gradually falling to \$2.50, cite the fact of his taking off half of his first price to prove that \$2.50 must be cheap.

"The present difficulty with Webster's Dictionary, is its total want of a principle. To spell words as they are pronounced, and strike out all superfluous letters, although radicalism and folly, is still a principle of action; but to abandon that, and vacillate between that and the previously recognised system, is mere quackery and irresolute nonsense; and its tendency, when at all countenanced, is what we see; a confusion in orthography, such as was not previously known since the establishment of the language by JOHNSON.

"Webster's rules are both arbitrary and capricious. He changes, for example, *theatre* into *theater*, because, he says, words ending in *re*, adopted from the French, must be transposed to *er*; yet in the derivative he transposes the *er*, that is, the termination, back again to make '*theatrical*.' Here the derivative does not control the primitive.

"Again, he changes *defence* into *defense*, because the derivative *defensive* requires the *s*—here the derivative controls the primitive.

"He changes *distil* into *distill*, "because the derivative *distiller*, &c., requires the double *l*." Here again the derivative controls the primitive: but he does not change *forget* into *forgett*, although the derivative *forgetting*, &c., requires the double *t*, so that here (still again) the derivative does not control the primitive.

"He strikes the *u* from *mould*, because it is superfluous, but retains it in *court*, where it is equally superfluous. He strikes the *u* from *honour*, *favour*, &c., because it is superfluous, but he does not strike the *o* from *serious*, *courage*, &c., where it is as superfluous. He strikes one *l* from *traveller*, &c., because it is superfluous, yet he spells *excelent*, *vacillate*, &c., with two *l*s. He spells *profit* with one *f*, yet with the inconsistency that marks all his career, he does not strike the second *f* from *proffer*. It is true, he is right in this forbearance; but he is, as everywhere else, inconsistent.

"The sum of the matter is, that Webster was a vain, weak, plodding Yankee, ambitious to be an American Johnson without one substantial qualification for the undertaking; and the American public have ignored his pretensions. One publisher of note has adopted Webster's orthography, because he publishes Webster's dictionary, and one



newspaper editor of note has done the same thing; but beyond these two establishments, neither of which can claim any authority as umpires in a literary question, Webster's orthography is as unpopular as it is abominable, and I hardly know how our Legislature could do a greater wrong to popular education than by inflicting Webster's radicalism on the rising generation.

"William Cullen Bryant, whose name stands foremost among American poets, in his *Journal of June 20th*, (N. Y. Evening Post) says, that "so far is Webster's Dictionary from meeting with the general acceptance of scholars and the community, that of those who in different parts of our country and of the world, employ our common language, that noble vehicle of thought which we call English, with a moderate degree of attention to its purity, there are not ten in a hundred who 'accept' Webster's Dictionary as a standard of language; nay, the majority of them have in fact no acquaintance with it."

"Against such authority is opposed a list of names eminent in law, in politics, and in theology, as well as in literature; men whose good nature, as in the case of Washington Irving, led them to return a courteous acknowledgment for an elegantly bound literary present. We have names such as Brougham, Daniel Webster, Thomas H. Benton, Fillmore, Polk, and Zachary Taylor, a certificate signed by 104 members of Congress 'that they rejoice it bids fair to become the standard dictionary to be used by the numerous millions of people who are to inhabit the United States.' We have a complimentary letter from the well known and estimable Thomas Dick, of Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, and finally paraded in capitals, there is the gracious assertion of the London Times, that Webster's is 'the best and most useful dictionary of the English language ever published.'

"To meet this testimony, it has been shown that men whose pursuits lead them to estimate lexicons at their true value, take views very unfavorable to Webster; and it is not unreasonable to say that while Presidents of the United States and Members of Congress are excellent judges of politics, clergymen equally good critics in matters ecclesiastical, and newspaper writers competent admirers of convenient encyclopædias, neither of these classes are authority on a matter of litterature.

"It has been urged in the report, by the Senator from the 27th (Mr. Miller) in favor of the dictionary, that 'there is no one point to which the attention of the guardians of our schools should be directed with a more watchful and earnest attention, than to the training of all the pupils to a competent and correct acquaintance with our mother tongue. Special care needs to be bestowed on this subject, in consideration of the fact that the multitude of foreigners, with their children, whom we welcome to our shores, are all to learn to speak and write the English language; and since many of these are accustomed to another language at home, and often to a mixed and mongrel dialect, we ought, as far as possible, in the district schools in which they are educated, to give them a standard, and to accustom them to its use.'

"Precisely because Webster is not a standard of English diction ought we to withhold him from the children of the foreigner, who, recognising on every page words and phrases of his own, will not fail

to add others, and to hasten the corruption of our tongue; as for instance, there are French phrases like *ci-devant*, *comme-il-faut*, *neuvaines*; Italian ones, like *cicisbeo*, *rinforzando*, *staccato*; Spanish, such as *Ranchero*, *Hidalgo*, *Donna*; Dutch, as *Domine*; Scotch, as *ingle*, *cannie*, and so on.\*

"For all these reasons the undersigned reports that, in his judgment, the introduction of Webster's Dictionary, in the manner proposed by the bill now before the Legislature, into the school districts of the State, would be unwise, because Webster's Dictionary is neither an English dictionary, nor a standard of orthography.

"All which is respectfully submitted.

"JAMES W. BEEKMAN.

"Chairman of the Committee on Literature."

STUDIES OF THE SPANISH DRAMA, FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILARETE CHASLES.

XL.

*The Gothic or Northern Spirit reappearing, and becoming transformed in the Spanish Drama and Literature.—A Spanish Hamlet.*

To discover the origin of this spirit, we must go back to the very cradle of modern chivalry. Respect for the sworn word, voluntary devotedness, sincerity in engagements—such are its bases. Tacitus has signalized these characteristics of the old civilization among the savage Germans. The primitive warrior of the Germanic forests preserved his honor without spot or stain; he defended it to the death; he defended in the same manner his chief, his king, his friend, his companion in war; he protected woman because she was feeble, he listened to her voice and her counsel because God has given sagacity to woman. Such was the foundation of savage morality, which served as the first point of support to modern chivalry. As regards the development of these principles under the skies of Germany, its results have been rather severe than brilliant. We have shown that the German was faithful to his word, and terrible to his enemy. Soon, however, consecration and sanction of religion were given to these manners. Fanaticism was joined with them. Devotedness was regarded as a usurpation from on high, the point of honor as a ray from heaven. In woman was seen the personification of Mary, the holy Virgin. The lowest depth of degradation, of baseness, and of crime, was to betray one's faith, to give way before the enemy, to commit a meanness; religion, military discipline, su-

\* In the course of the discussion in the Senate, growing out of this appropriation, Mr. Beckman delivered himself of a jocular reminiscence in a slang lingo made up from Merriam's Springfield Edition of Webster, of 1850.

"Despite the *ci-devant* *cicisbeos* of Webster, I consider this bill a *ceruleo cento*, a *chaology*, a *chewet*, mere chat potatoes. It ought not to be unrolled a chuffy. Such a churme should not be made by any *conamore conatus*. It is not comme il faut that a comensal compagnation, a *Senatus consultum*, coming from this concamerated concameration, should char so crebrous a claudication in schools. I regard the book as likely to be as *erethistic* as a *circulatorious* *cimiss*, or a cock paddle in hummune, or a chad in colly.

[NOTE.—The following is the translation as furnished us afterwards by Senator R.:—

"Despite the old fashioned dangers about Webster, I consider this bill a blue patchwork, a chaos, a mince-meat, mere small potatoes. It ought not to be meddled with a single moment. Such a noise should not be made by any effort however earnest. It is not proper that this agreement around a table—this decree coming from this vaulted chamber, should produce so awkward a lameness in schools. I regard this book as likely to be as energetic for mischief as a migratory bed bug, or a lump fish in a bath room, or a shad in a coal smut.]"

perstition, pride, all these were confounded together; and the sun of Spain inflamed still more this incandescent mass of sentiments and ideas. When the gravity of the Goth, the violence of the Arab, and the ancient ferocity of the Celtiberian were imbued with these manners, we see them excited to the highest point of excitement and fury; we see the development of the whole of this heroic extravagance, a contagious folly for Europe has partaken in it, an agreeable folly for Ariosto has amused himself with it, and Don Quixote is its parody.

I have said that Europe partook of it. Corneille bears its imprint. But Europe never surrendered herself with the sympathetic abandon, the ardent faith which characterized the sons of the Arabs and the Goths. The romances of the Cid, the dramas of Calderon could have originated only in Spain; and this ardent force, this ferocity of heroism, existed not in the Spanish drama alone, was not a purely literary affair, but spreads over the annals of the country as the river of lava around the base of Etna. It is not dead even at the present. Our soldiers know what it is; they learnt it when, pushed on by Napoleon and obedient to the gigantic designs of their master, they hurled their admirable valor and marvellous discipline against this forgotten, impoverished, torn, divided, and long somnolent people. God knows how much blood it cost us to wave the winding-sheet of Spain on the point of our bayonet. God knows how many poniards glistened, and how many knives were pointed in the hands of women, and how many mountain paths were the tombs of our soldiers. It was because the old sentiment of honor awoke among this people, it was because they preferred their fanatic sloth to a brilliant but enforced civilization, that it repulsed a liberty which was enforced as a law by another, although noble and grand, nation; that it wanted not a liberty like to the carcan of the Genoese galley slaves, on which the word *liberta* is engraved. Spain, rising terrible as a personage of Calderon, obeyed the point of honor, washed out the outrage in blood, and went to sleep again, wrapped in her cloak.

As soon as Spanish heroism is in command, there is an end of reflection or of doubt. Is a son to be slain, a wife to be punished, a death-blow dealt to a mistress, is his blood and his soul to be given? The poniard is raised, the blood flows, it is not the Spaniard who strikes, it is honor.

How, in such a country, could you have religious reform strike out deep roots? Reform, that is doubt.

The Hamlet of Shakspeare is placed in a situation which a Spanish dramaturgist would have delighted in carrying out and expanding to its fullest extent. His father has been slain. The assassin has obtained possession of the throne by seducing the wife of the king. The ghost of Hamlet's father rises from the bowels of the earth, and calls upon the son for vengeance. What use would not a Spanish author have made of this situation? His hero would not have hesitated as soon as the bloody shade had spoken, the victims would have fallen, the sacrifice accomplished. Though the son had afterwards slain himself on the two corpses of the guilty, his hand would not tremble.

The Hamlet of Shakspeare, a noble and sad nature, does not content himself with



blind obedience to the phantom who pushes him on to vengeance. If his soul is stirred up from its inmost depths, his expectations are none the less disturbed. He revolts against the supreme command and the inevitable order. He asks himself, "Why should crime be punished by crime? What part am I to play in this Drama of Life? What is this Life where happiness does not depend upon ourselves, but upon that which surrounds us?" His mother is culpable and he doubts everything. Belief in good is uprooted from his soul, he passionately loves the young Ophelia, he rejects and crushes this love so sure. All is discolored and faded away. Even his courage yields to the horror with which this wicked world inspires him. Endowed with the force necessary to dare great deeds, he has not even that of being a headman and executing the Divine vengeance on his mother and the guilty king. The admirable and profound beauty of this marvellous character is based on the discouragement with which the first discovery of wickedness in this world inspires an upright soul. He will accomplish his work of malediction and vengeance, but slowly, sadly, with bitter irony, with a wavering mind and a continual expostulation with destiny. It is from this sublime and gloomy creation that both the misanthropy of Werter, the mocking scepticism of Lord Byron, and the despair which so many modern poets have abused, all originate.

It is evident that a deep line of demarcation separates Hamlet from the Spanish heroes. Hamlet is a completely internal creation; it is self-devouring thought. The genius of Spain, on the contrary, is all relief, boldness, and action. Both have their grandeur. It is our business to understand and not to condemn them.

Garrigue's *Iconographic Encyclopædia* with the present month reaches its twenty-first part. The plates are occupied with illustrations of the primitive and later religious systems of the East, as well as of the Greeks, the Mexicans, and the northern nations of Europe. The details are valuable to the student of the history of the human mind, and have a striking effect presented in groups and tableaux of the developments of different eras. In fidelity and spirit these illustrations preserve the character we have frequently noted. The letter-press continues the department of Zoology.

The *Art-Journal* for July (Virtue, 26 John street), has three illustrations of the Vernon Gallery, a forcible scene in a Jewish Synagogue, by S. Hart; the Columns of St. Mark, by Bonington, and Intemperance, by Stothard, a series of groups of Bacchanalians from a sketch of the largest work this painter executed. The illustrated paper on the Masters of Art in this number is on Albert Durer, some of whose finest designs are admirably reproduced on wood. There is a well written contribution from America on "the Arts in the United States," taking a candid and independent view of our present position. The supplementary Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition supplies numerous sketches of designs for patterns of dress manufacture, furniture, and household decoration.

Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff's portraits appear in *Tallis's Dramatic Magazine*, Part VI. We have also from the same publishers (Messrs. John Tallis & Co., 40 John street), Part 31 of Mrs. Ellis's *Morning Call*, and Part 31 of Martin's *British Colonies*, the last with a full map of South America. The letter-press continues the History of the New England Company.

Parts 42, 43, 44 of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s *Shakspeare* continue the minor Poems.

## A VISION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HARRIO HARRING.

AND, once again,—I lately dreamed of stars,—  
Not in the firmament—but on a flag.  
Upon a sky-blue banner I beheld,  
High up the polar star; beneath it lay,  
In its true place and shape, the constellation  
Of the Great Bear—and a ninth star beside,  
Called by Astronomers, *Cor Caroli*.  
The polar star, itself, was worked in gold;  
The other eight, part silver-white, part golden;  
And leftward, on the flag, high up, was blood.

For it was consecrated solemnly  
To war, against a terrible eagle waged,  
A giant monster with a double head;  
In his left claw he bore a clanking chain,  
And in his right he grasped a bloody knout.

And round the flag I heard a clash of swords  
And clang of scythes—and knell of groaning  
shots;  
And choirs of men sang: *Scandinavia!*  
And blood of offerings smoked along the  
ground,

And there appeared to me three well known  
Fins—  
Three brothers, once, in life, so dear to me,  
And ever dear to me in memory;  
And greeted me and pressed me by the hand,  
And smiled and said to me significantly:  
*There lives a God!*

And northern virgins chanted: *Scandinavia!*  
Entwining ivy-garlands for the slain,  
The sons of Scandinavia, whose blood  
Adorned the starry flag of heavenly blue.  
And on those brothers marshal scarfs I saw  
That gleamed gold-yellow, heavenly blue and  
white.

And then, methought, this dream-scene glided  
back,  
As 'twere a greater picture's middle-ground,—  
In its far depths the rosy Northern-red,  
That stretches on from sunset unto dawn.

And, in the foreground, on a sea-washed  
rock,  
Queen of the North, stood Scandinavia,  
A tender, graceful maid, sublimely fair.  
Her face: soul-depth and earnestness and  
strength,  
And noble pride with thoughtful clearness  
joined.

And from beneath an ivy-garland flowed  
Locks of blond hair and played about her  
cheeks.  
Her garment was of Northern heavenly-blue,  
All studded o'er with white and golden stars,—  
And round her waist a rosy girdle passed.  
Supported by her left and upraised arm  
Upon an anchor, thoughtful there she stood,  
In her right hand a naked, bloody sword,  
That pointed downward to the rocky ground,  
Where scattered ruins lay, of crumbled crowns  
And bruised and battered arms and broken  
chains.

And on the sword's-blade was that blood  
dried-in,  
And, changed to rust, had formed a Runic  
verse!

And there came forth a voice that spake and  
said:  
"When every tribe its sacred blood hath poured,  
Then shall ye understand the Runic word.  
Purity of heart alone can lead to me.—  
The secret of my might is—Unity!"

C. T. R.

## RUTHERFORD.\*

DEAD! on a stranger shore—the rolling sea,  
Between thy dust and thy dear native land—

\* Alexander Rutherford, the young artist-painter, sent by the "International Art-Union" to study at Paris, and who, at the expiration of little more than a year after leaving the United States, died of consumption at London, on his return home. He was born in Vermont.

Dead! in thy youth, ere thy brave spirit, free  
With its wide-gushing thought and upreached  
hand,  
Had plucked the blossom which thy promise  
gave,  
Blossom, alas! now strewn above thy grave.

Dead! and thy dream—thy pure dream un-  
fulfilled;  
Bright, gorgeous!—glowing with a fair  
renown,  
Honor and fortune—ah, thy high soul, stilled  
From Earth's sore trial, shall, from heav'n  
cast down

Into our hearts a brighter tinting far  
Than thou didst dream beneath the cloud and  
star.

Dead! to our visual eyes—but to that sight  
Which sees the measure of thy life's design,  
Thou liv'st and walk'st, neath skies of purer  
light,

Thy pencil glowing with their hues divine;  
In God's high courts, above His altars white,  
Tracing His glory through thy soul's delight.

Dead! and they mourn thee—by their lonely  
hearthst;

'Mid the green valleys and the mountains  
wild—

Thy kin! They mourn thee, though on mother  
Earth's  
Soft bosom sleep'st thou, pale, o'erwearied  
child;

Thy dust but sleeps, for thou art wand'ring far  
Homeward and high, like an exulting star!

Dead! and they mourn thee—let the tears be  
dried;

Thou might'st have lived to sully a young  
fame;

Thou might'st have lived to—nay! for thou hast  
died,

With a pure halo 'round an honored name;  
Died in the budding, ere thy soul's high truth  
Could, wavering, leave one stain upon thy  
youth.

C. D. STUART.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS CATHARINE HAYS.

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM MRS. S. C. HALL.

\*\*\* You ask me to tell you all I know  
of Catharine Hays, who is about to visit  
you; of her artistic fame you can judge  
yourselves; to that my praise can add but  
little;—you are told that her voice is a high,  
pure soprano, rich and melodious, and that  
her exquisite shake is nature's own gift, in-  
asmuch as she has possessed it since child-  
hood—a sort of fairy gift, bestowed in her  
cradle. With one exception, her voice is  
more delicious to my ear than any voice in  
the world; it goes into my heart, and brings  
tears to my eyes, and I remember it and can  
recall it, it is so soft and tender, so full,  
very full of expression; moreover, it is so  
astonishingly improved; it has gained power,  
without losing any portion of its intense  
sweetness.

You say I am a partial judge, and I con-  
fess it at once. I do not see any harm in  
being a "partial judge," when I am "par-  
tial" to artistic as well as moral excellence.  
Deeply as I admire music, I cannot separate  
the singer from the woman, and now you  
see why my musical praise would be esteem-  
ed of little worth by musical people.

Of Catharine Hays, as my countrywoman,  
I am justly proud: I am proud of her gentle  
yet sustained energy of character, of her  
guileless nature, of her modest dignity, of  
her devotion to her family, of her womanly  
fame, which is as spotless as that of Madlle.

Lind. I admire her, I respect her, as I do all, who, by strength of character and talent, win their way not only to admiration but esteem, who are not spoiled by flattery or chilled by the experience which all who live a public life must have, of insincerity and double-dealing.

I can, as you desire, tell you ALL I know about her, because "all" is to her honor. You ask me the very womanly question of, "Is she handsome?" I answer, according to my taste, "yes." Her features are fine and regular, her head well shaped, her figure and movements exceedingly graceful, and in one expressive word, "lady-like;" to see her in a concert-room, or in general society, you would hardly imagine that grave, dignified lady was possessed of both wit and humor, and was really childlike in her home. She has used well her time, and is accomplished and informed in more things than in music. The Dublin University Magazine published a portrait of the fair *cantatrice*, but it is not like her in the least, and would do for Miss Anybody as truly as for Miss Catharine Hays.

You ask me to tell of her "early days."

It was fortunate for her that her "wood-notes wild" attracted the attention of that kindhearted and generous man, the late Hon. and Right Rev. Edmund Knox, Bishop of Limerick—Limerick the city of her birth. There is a legend that, while boating with some of his family on the Shannon, their attention was attracted by the young and delicious voice of a girl singing near one of the houses, whose gardens have the good fortune to stretch along the banks of that magnificent river.

"It's only that bird of a child," said one of the boatmen, "whose aunt, or some one belonging to her, lives in the Earl's house; and little Kitty, the darling, gets out of the noise of Patrick street, and away from her companions, down yon among the trees, and sings her songs, God bless her! to the waters. She sung before she could speak, but she's as shy as a young hare, and the voice leaves her when she's asked to sing. Whisht! listen to how she quivers in the 'Lass of Gowrie;' and sure, my Lord, if you axed her to do it, she couldn't—it isn't, you understand, that she wouldn't—only shyness takes the strength out of her voice; the only pleasure the little delicate craytur seems to have in life, is with her book and her songs, and it's just like being in heaven to hear how she sings in the moonlight." A triumphant shake, with which the young Catharine concluded, "And now she's Lady Gowrie," still more astonished and delighted the boating party, proved that poor Paddy's eulogy was deserved, and better than all, determined the good bishop to learn more of the siren of the Shannon.

The bishop, like you, wished to know "all" about Catharine Hays. He found her living with her mother and sister in respectable, but comparative humble circumstances; he did not hesitate to invite her to his house, and introduce her. Her first step in society was well and firmly made; she was presented by an accomplished prelate of the Church of England to his family and friends, and the position he gave her, she has kept both abroad and at home; the very *élite* of your society may believe that they receive a lady who has been received by the most fastidious within the sanctity of their own homes with respect, and treated with affection.

The young Catharine, before the Bishop heard her, had attracted the attention of a Limerick lady of much musical knowledge, and she had aided her taste, and given her much information concerning musical things. She had played to her, and sung with her, but we very much doubt if either this early friend or the good bishop had an idea of what Miss Hays would become, even when through his instrumentality she was placed in Dublin, under the tuition, and as an inmate of the family of Signor Sapio, Mrs. Sapio having agreed to receive her in her house.

It is a positive fact that, though this young lady was placed under Signor Sapio's care on the 1st of April, 1839, such was her beautiful quality of voice, and so wonderful her attention and progress, that on the third of the next month (May) she made her first appearance in public, trembling and timid. Shrinking and sensitive as she was, her first public performance gave her friends assurance of the triumphs that were in store for her. Some months after she visited her native city, when the Bishop of Limerick gave a private concert, to prove to his friends that he was no false prophet. When Miss Hays returned to Dublin, her judicious master was obliged to check her ardor and limit her practice, for her artistic industry knew no bounds.

In 1841, exactly ten years ago, Liszt declared he knew of no voice more expressive than that of Miss Hays, and that he doubted if amongst the singers of the day there was one equal, in extent and volume, to what hers would one day become. After another year of hard study and some public singing, she again visited Limerick, entreated permission of her relatives and friends to add dramatic to musical study, earnestly desiring to visit Paris, to receive lessons from Emmanuel Garcia. It was no easy matter to obtain this permission; but it was obtained, and after eighteen months' close and severe study under this master of awful renown, he declared he could do no more for his pupil, but advised her to proceed to Milan, as the best school for the lyric stage; here her fame soon spread, and her debut took place at Marseilles in *I Puritani*; during the earlier scenes the audience were painfully silent, but at last—they could not help it—the disbelief a foreign audience had in an English singer was swept away, and tumultuous applause succeeded the icy coldness of her reception. She next played *Lucia*, which, I am told, she renders most charmingly, but I have not seen it. I can imagine how exquisitely she would play that or any womanly character requiring grace and feeling, if she acted as she felt. Her taste is essentially dramatic; I do not mean by that, that Catharine Hays in society would be pointed out as an actress—not at all; she would be looked upon, if not known, as a ladylike, elegant, and graceful woman—but when called forth in any way, her manner of telling a story or an incident, or in reading or repeating, she is highly dramatic. She cannot help it, the spirit of what she reads seizes upon her, the jest of her story sparkles in her eyes, or its pathos calls forth the musical wail of her soft, rich, speaking voice, and the scene is brought before you, seemingly without an effort to fix your attention or display her own talents. She afterwards triumphed at *La Scala*—she was there recalled actually twelve times, and covered with flowers; there also she

was called "the pearl of the theatre," a pretty name, which was warranted by the fairness and delicacy of her appearance. At Vienna she was greatly received, and at Florence the kindly and gracious Catalani was one of her warmest admirers. At Geneva the patrician ladies left their boxes, and offered their bouquets behind the scenes to the young Irish singer. But all these "facts," and many more you can gather, or have gathered already.

After her second appearance in London, Miss Hays, or as the journals presumed to call her, *Madlle. Hays*, was commanded by our noble Queen to attend a private concert at Buckingham Palace, and complimented there on her singing. After seven years' absence she revisited Dublin, and the enthusiasm of her enthusiastic countrymen knew no bound, they called her the "Irish Lind," and gave her a reception something like what you bestow on the other side of the Atlantic on your favorites.

I ought to have told you that her early friend and patron, the Bishop of Limerick, was present in a private box the first night she appeared at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and that when the curtain fell, Catharine, forgetting the plaudits of an admiring crowd, rushed to the box of her venerable friend, and poured forth, with tears of deep feeling, her gratitude to him who had been the guardian angel of her path. His Lordship has since then been called HOME, but he enjoyed the triumph his protégée so truly earned.

Since then Miss Hays sang at her Majesty's Theatre, but this year she declined all engagements here, and went to Rome as *prima donna*, during the grand carnival. I heard her at her concert this summer, and was lost in admiration at her improvement; it is really wonderful what strength and power are added to her voice. I am sure you will appreciate her as she deserves, both in public and private—in every respect Miss Hays deserves all honor; her public fame is but the shadow of her private worth.

She leaves us (accompanied by her mother) about the second week in August, under the conduct of Dr. Joy, who has been selected by Mr. Beale to manage the American tour. The company consists of Lavenu as conductor; Herr Mengis, baritone; Augustus Braham, tenor (and a delicious tenor he is—his voice so like his father's—its very *echo*); Richardson, flute; perhaps Regondi. Oh, how wild you will all become to hear the concertina!—and our own fair Irish Catharine Hays—*Star Sola*! And now adieu! What a highly favored people you are, I quite envy you.

\* \* \* \*

ANNA MARIA HALL.

Firfield, 21st June, 1851.

#### TRENTON FALLS.

Scenery; Historical Reminiscence; Pass of the Ravine; Taste and Hospitality of "Mine Host."

MESSRS. EDS.:

A short time ago we returned from a delightful visit of several days at Trenton Falls. We descended the precipitous ravine, and climbed its rugged steeps, cooled occasionally by the dashing spray, and almost deafened by the unceasing thunder of the water-falls. Here the West Canada Creek, the largest tributary of the winding Mohawk,



blind obedience to the phantom who pushes him on to vengeance. If his soul is stirred up from its inmost depths, his expectations are none the less disturbed. He revolts against the supreme command and the inevitable order. He asks himself, "Why should crime be punished by crime? What part am I to play in this Drama of Life? What is this Life where happiness does not depend upon ourselves, but upon that which surrounds us?" His mother is culpable and he doubts everything. Belief in good is uprooted from his soul, he passionately loves the young Ophelia, he rejects and crushes this love so sure. All is discolored and faded away. Even his courage yields to the horror with which this wicked world inspires him. Endowed with the force necessary to dare great deeds, he has not even that of being a headsman and executing the Divine vengeance on his mother and the guilty king. The admirable and profound beauty of this marvellous character is based on the discouragement with which the first discovery of wickedness in this world inspires an upright soul. He will accomplish his work of malediction and vengeance, but slowly, sadly, with bitter irony, with a wavering mind and a continual expostulation with destiny. It is from this sublime and gloomy creation that both the misanthropy of Werter, the mocking scepticism of Lord Byron, and the despair which so many modern poets have abused, all originate.

It is evident that a deep line of demarcation separates Hamlet from the Spanish heroes. Hamlet is a completely internal creation; it is self-devouring thought. The genius of Spain, on the contrary, is all relief, boldness, and action. Both have their grandeur. It is our business to understand and not to condemn them.

Garrigue's *Iconographic Encyclopædia* with the present month reaches its twenty-first part. The plates are occupied with illustrations of the primitive and later religious systems of the East, as well as of the Greeks, the Mexicans, and the northern nations of Europe. The details are valuable to the student of the history of the human mind, and have a striking effect presented in groups and tableaux of the developments of different eras. In fidelity and spirit these illustrations preserve the character we have frequently noted. The letter-press continues the department of Zoology.

The *Art-Journal* for July (Virtue, 26 John street), has three illustrations of the Vernon Gallery, a forcible scene in a Jewish Synagogue, by S. Hart; the Columns of St. Mark, by Bonington, and Intemperance, by Stothard, a series of groups of Bacchanalians from a sketch of the largest work this painter executed. The illustrated paper on the Masters of Art in this number is on Albert Durer, some of whose finest designs are admirably reproduced on wood. There is a well written contribution from America on "the Arts in the United States," taking a candid and independent view of our present position. The supplementary Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition supplies numerous sketches of designs for patterns of dress manufacture, furniture, and household decoration.

Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff's portraits appear in *Tallis's Dramatic Magazine*, Part VI. We have also from the same publishers (Messrs. John Tallis & Co., 40 John street), Part 31 of Mrs. Ellis's *Morning Call*, and Part 31 of Martin's *British Colonies*, the last with a full map of South America. The letter-press continues the History of the New England Company.

Parts 42, 43, 44 of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s *Shakespeare* continue the minor Poems.

## A VISION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HARRO HARRING.

AND, once again,—I lately dreamed of stars,—  
Not in the firmament—but on a flag.  
Upon a sky-blue banner I beheld,  
High up the polar star; beneath it lay,  
In its true place and shape, the constellation  
Of the Great Bear—and a ninth star beside,  
Called by Astronomers, *Cor Caroli*.  
The polar star, itself, was worked in gold;  
The other eight, part silver-white, part golden;  
And leftward, on the flag, high up, was blood.

For it was consecrated solemnly  
To war, against a terrible eagle waged,  
A giant monster with a double head:  
In his left claw he bore a clanking chain,  
And in his right he grasped a bloody knout.

And round the flag I heard a clash of swords  
And clang of scythes—and knell of groaning  
shots;  
And choirs of men sang: *Scandinavia!*  
And blood of offerings smoked along the  
ground,  
And there appeared to me three well known  
Fins—

Three brothers, once, in life, so dear to me,  
And ever dear to me in memory;  
And greeted me and pressed me by the hand,  
And smiled and said to me significantly:  
*There lives a God!*

And northern virgins chanted: *Scandinavia!*  
Entwining ivy-garlands for the slain,  
The sons of Scandinavia, whose blood  
Adorned the starry flag of heavenly blue.  
And on those brothers' marshal scarfs I saw  
That gleamed gold-yellow, heavenly blue and  
white.

And then, methought, this dream-scene glided  
back,  
As 'twere a greater picture's middle-ground,—  
In its far depths the rosy Northern-red,  
That stretches on from sunset unto dawn.

And, in the foreground, on a sea-washed  
rock,  
Queen of the North, stood Scandinavia,  
A tender, graceful maid, sublimely fair.  
Her face: soul-depth and earnestness and  
strength,  
And noble pride with thoughtful clearness  
joined.

And from beneath an ivy-garland flowed  
Locks of blond hair and played about her  
cheeks.

Her garment was of Northern heavenly-blue,  
All studded o'er with white and golden stars,—  
And round her waist a rosy girdle passed.  
Supported by her left and upraised arm  
Upon an anchor, thoughtful there she stood,  
In her right hand a naked, bloody sword,  
That pointed downward to the rocky ground,  
Where scattered ruins lay, of crumbled crowns  
And bruised and battered arms and broken  
chains.

And on the sword's-blade was that blood  
dried-in,  
And, changed to rust, had formed a Runic  
verse!

And there came forth a voice that spake and  
said:  
"When every tribe its sacred blood hath poured,  
Then shall ye understand the Runic word.  
Pureness of heart alone can lead to me.—  
The secret of my might is—Unity!"

C. T. R.

## RUTHERFORD.\*

DEAD! on a stranger shore—the rolling sea,  
Between thy dust and thy dear native land—

\* Alexander Rutherford, the young artist-painter, sent by the "International Art-Union" to study at Paris, and who, at the expiration of little more than a year after leaving the United States, died of consumption at London, on his return home. He was born in Vermont.

Dead! in thy youth, ere thy brave spirit, free  
With its wide-gushing thought and upreached  
hand,  
Had plucked the blossom which thy promise  
gave,  
Blossom, alas! now strewn above thy grave.

Dead! and thy dream—thy pure dream un-  
fulfilled;  
Bright, gorgeous!—glowing with a fair  
renown,  
Honor and fortune—ah, thy high soul, stilled  
From Earth's sore trial, shall, from heav'n  
cast down  
Into our hearts a brighter tinting far  
Than thou didst dream beneath the cloud and  
star.

Dead! to our visual eyes—but to that sight  
Which sees the measure of thy life's design,  
Thou liv'st and walk'st, neath skies of purer  
light,  
Thy pencil glowing with their hues divine;  
In God's high courts, above His altars white,  
Tracing His glory through thy soul's delight.

Dead! and they mourn thee—by their lonely  
hearths;

'Mid the green valleys and the mountains  
wild—

Thy kin! They mourn thee, though on mother  
Earth's

Soft bosom sleep'st thou, pale, o'erwearied  
child;

Thy dust but sleeps, for thou art wand'ring far  
Homeward and high, like an exulting star!

Dead! and they mourn thee—let the tears be  
dried;

Thou might'st have lived to sully a young  
fame;

Thou might'st have lived to—nay! for thou hast  
died,

With a pure halo 'round an honored name;  
Died in the budding, ere thy soul's high truth  
Could, wavering, leave one stain upon thy  
youth.

C. D. STUART.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

MISS CATHARINE HAYS.

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM MRS. S. C. HALL.

\* \* \* You ask me to tell you all I know  
of Catharine Hays, who is about to visit  
you; of her artistic fame you can judge  
yourselves; to that my praise can add but  
little;—you are told that her voice is a high,  
pure soprano, rich and melodious, and that  
her exquisite shake is nature's own gift, in-  
asmuch as she has possessed it since child-  
hood—a sort of fairy gift, bestowed in her  
cradle. With one exception, her voice is  
more delicious to my ear than any voice in  
the world; it goes into my heart, and brings  
tears to my eyes, and I remember it and can  
recall it, it is so soft and tender, so full,  
very full of expression; moreover, it is so  
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fess it at once. I do not see any harm in  
being a "partial judge," when I am "par-  
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I am justly proud: I am proud of her gentle  
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You ask me to tell of her "early days."

It was fortunate for her that her "wood-notes wild" attracted the attention of that kindhearted and generous man, the late Hon. and Right Rev. Edmund Knox, Bishop of Limerick—Limerick the city of her birth. There is a legend that, while boating with some of his family on the Shannon, their attention was attracted by the young and delicious voice of a girl singing near one of the houses, whose gardens have the good fortune to stretch along the banks of that magnificent river.

"It's only that bird of a child," said one of the boatmen, "whose aunt, or some one belonging to her, lives in the Earl's house; and little Kitty, the darling, gets out of the noise of Patrick street, and away from her companions, down yon among the trees, and sings her songs, God bless her! to the waters. She sung before she could speak, but she's as shy as a young hare, and the voice leaves her when she's asked to sing. Whisht! listen to how she quivers in the 'Lass of Gowrie;' and sure, my Lord, if you axed her to do it, she couldn't—it isn't, you understand, that she wouldn't—only shyness takes the strength out of her voice; the only pleasure the little delicate craytur seems to have in life, is with her book and her songs, and it's just like being in heaven to hear how she sings in the moonlight." A triumphant shake, with which the young Catharine concluded, "And now she's Lady Gowrie," still more astonished and delighted the boating party, proved that poor Paddy's eulogy was deserved, and better than all, determined the good bishop to learn more of the syren of the Shannon.

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It is a positive fact that, though this young lady was placed under Signor Sapio's care on the 1st of April, 1839, such was her beautiful quality of voice, and so wonderful her attention and progress, that on the third of the next month (May) she made her first appearance in public, trembling and timid. Shrinking and sensitive as she was, her first public performance gave her friends assurance of the triumphs that were in store for her. Some months after she visited her native city, when the Bishop of Limerick gave a private concert, to prove to his friends that he was no false prophet. When Miss Hays returned to Dublin, her judicious master was obliged to check her ardor and limit her practice, for her artistic industry knew no bounds.

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And now adieu! What a highly favored people you are, I quite envy you.

\* \* \* \* \*  
ANNA MARIA HALL.

Firfield, 21st June, 1851.

#### TRENTON FALLS.

Scenery; Historical Reminiscence; Pass of the Ravine; Taste and Hospitality of "Mine Host."

MESSES. EDS.:

A short time ago we returned from a delightful visit of several days at Trenton Falls. We descended the precipitous ravine, and climbed its rugged steep, cooled occasionally by the dashing spray, and almost deafened by the unceasing thunder of the water-falls. Here the West Canada Creek, the largest tributary of the winding Mohawk,



finds its way for five miles through a deep limestone gorge, over steep slopes of rock from thirty to ninety feet in altitude,—while on either side, nature opposes to the yellow, madly rushing element, walls of strata piled eighty feet above, perpendicularly, and covered on the summit by umbrageous forests, and lined upon the sides by creeping vines and sunny flowers. High on the right bank of the stream, like an eagle's eyrie, is the "Rural Resort," a rude though pleasant tenement whose portico nearly overhangs the great Fall, and trembles like an autumn leaf, from the heavy roar of the cataract. Here the pedestrian pauses awhile to contemplate the splendor, the amplitude, and the grandeur of nature's handywork. Away towards the right the eye ranges through pleasing vistas of rock, leaf, and water, never weary of their grateful changes; and at times the gay rainbow rears its graceful arch, spanning the misty depths, and anon vanishing from the sight with the silent melting beauty of an evening sunbeam. And at dead of night, when human activity resigns itself to physical repose, and the still moon rises in tranquil majesty, nothing can be finer to the lover of nature than those romantic cataracts wasting their beauty on the "desert air," and hurling back from their foaming depths the mirrored rays of the Queen of Heaven in broken sparkling drops of dew, or the more regular and symmetrical embodiment of the "lunar bow." If grand at day-light, these far-famed Falls are surpassingly novel and sublime at night, and might indeed be called terrific, especially when frequent rains have swollen their unquiet bosom.

A little distance below the Falls is the spot where, in the autumn of 1783, Major Walter N. Butler retreating to the Canadas from his last massacre at Cherry Valley, was successfully pursued by the gallant Col. Willett of Fort Stanwix memory, with four hundred of his choicest troops and about sixty Oneida warriors, and put to death. In the heat of the engagement the British officer was observed skulking behind a tree in the wonted mode of border warfare, upon the opposite bank of the creek, by a wary Oneida, who, raising his rifle, shot him through the crown of his head. Plunging into the water and swimming across, the Indian fired a second ball, and taking his scalp bore it away, a signal trophy of his exploit. Thus perished one of the most barbarous men that ever gloried in the butchering of women and children, or the wanton destruction of property.

The ravine of the West Canada Creek was probably formed in lapse of ages by the action of water some eighty feet below the surface of the earth, and the superincumbent mass gradually deposited; since on any other hypothesis, the stream must have found its outlet more in a south-easterly direction.

In seasons of high water, to attempt the passage of the entire ravine is almost impracticable. All the footpaths beyond the common "Termination Rock," are then submerged or rendered as smooth and slippery as glass, from the numerous pools that pour their crystal drops over the impending rocks. And to scale their frowning heights would, at first thought, appear less possible, were the experiment not actually undertaken. Being accompanied by a bold enthusiast, we succeeded in the task, but not, however, until the third trial when pantaloons, coats, and youthful muscles were the worse for use.

But at other times we have frequently ascended the stream as far as "Boon's Bridge," three miles from the High Fall, by dint of climbing, creeping, and crawling; and on one occasion we remember a spirit of adventure got the better of our customary caution, and loosing hold of the projecting cliff, we were violently precipitated into the gulf eighty feet deep. The current was strong and wild, and the boiling cataracts below, like Scylla and Charybdis, threatened instant destruction in their horrid jaws. Providentially we arose to the surface of the water not far from the shore, after no small lapse of time, according to an observer, and by a few lusty strokes regained the bank. Disencumbering ourselves of our saturated garments, and wringing out the last drop of water, we replaced them, and repassed the dangerous rocks in nearly as gay spirits as before. As a fitting termination to this adventurous tramp, the pedestrian is presumed to force his way quite under the bridge at Prospect, now hanging over the solemn depths of the gorge, at arm's length, with little or no resting place for the feet, now "squat like a toad" on a narrow ledge, and again lying flat on his face in a gap of rocks, merely wide enough to receive the bare body, and projecting himself forward by the strength of his arms. This done, he must disengage himself from his awkward posture, and turning around, descend six or seven feet to a little rock, and by an expert leap he will accomplish the feat. The return walk from Prospect village to the Falls Hotel is over a beautiful section of country. In the distance may be had a magnificent and unequalled view of the lowlands of Oneida county, dotted by village, hamlet, and forests, and encircled by a blue range of extensive hills, the most remote of which is reputed to be more than thirty miles southward.

Trenton Falls ought not to be seen merely once; they should be repeatedly visited and pondered to appreciate fully their unrivalled loveliness. Although we have travelled during the past year from Maine to Minnesota; from the Falls of St. Anthony to within ken of Mount Washington; witnessed the sublime wealth of nature in the fertile valley of the Mississippi; the vast bodies of our great lakes; the tremendous cataract of Niagara or Unghihava; the fairy beauty of the Hudson, and the more modest charms of Lake Winnipiseogee, we confess the Falls at Trenton are unrivalled for romantic wildness and imposing grandeur. With these accessories the home accommodations are unrivalled. The Falls House is kept and furnished in the most approved style, and from roof to cellar is as cleanly and well ventilated as the hotels at Niagara or Saratoga. Mr. Moore, the proprietor, is a gentleman of much taste and experience. His parlors are adorned with sketches and paintings of the best artists. His library is well stored with standard works of literature. His mineralogical cabinet is extensive, and carefully prepared. Two fine, powerful organs, and a piano-forte invite the trial of the connoisseur. His organ music consists of admirable selections from Rink, Handel, Novello, and others. While we were there, two young organists alternately exercised their skill upon pieces from Haydn's, Handel's, and Mendelssohn's Oratorios.

H. M. S.

#### PROGRESS OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE. [From the Athenæum.]

By a fortunate coincidence, the general total of the American census taken last year has just been received, and we are enabled, in conjunction with the returns made on the 31st of March for this country, to measure the absolute progress of the Anglo-Saxon race in its two grand divisions, and to compare the laws of their respective growths in relation to each other, and to the rest of the world. It is estimated, including Ireland and the colonies, that there is a grand total of men speaking the same language and manifesting the same general tendencies of civilization of 56,000,000, from which is to be deducted the three millions of negro slaves in the United States, leaving a remainder of fifty-three millions, chiefly of Anglo-Saxon descent, and deeply impregnated with its sturdy qualities of heart and brain, as the representatives of this advancing stock.

Two centuries ago there were not quite three millions of this race on the face of the earth. There are a million more persons of Magyar descent, speaking the Magyar language, at the present moment in Europe than there were in Europe and America of this conquering and colonizing people in the time of Cromwell. How vain, then, for men to talk of the political necessity for absorbing small races! Sixty years ago the Anglo-Saxon race did not exceed 17,000,000 in Europe and America. At that time it was not numerically stronger than the Poles. Thirty years ago it counted only thirty-four millions; being altogether only three millions and a fraction more than the population of France at that time, and considerably less than the Teutonic population of Central Europe. In 1851 it is ahead of every civilized race in the world. Of races lying within the zones of civilization, the Slaves alone are more numerous, counted by heads; but comparatively few of this plastic and submissive stock have yet escaped from the barbarism of the dark ages. In wealth, energy, and cultivation they are not to be compared with the Frank, the Teuton, and the Anglo-Saxon. Number is almost their only element of strength. Of all the races which are now striving for the mastery of the world, to impress on the future of society and civilization the stamp of its own character and genius, to make its law, idiom, religion, manners, government, and opinion prevail, the Anglo-Saxon is now unquestionably the most numerous, powerful, and active. The day when it might possibly have been crushed, absorbed, or trampled out, like Hungary and Poland, by stronger hordes, is gone by for ever. That it was possible at one time for this people to be subdued by violence or to fall a prey to the slower agonies of decline, there can be little doubt. In 1650, the United Provinces seemed more likely to make a grand figure in the world's future history than England. Their wealth, activity, and maritime power were the most imposing in Europe. They had all the carrying trade of the West in their hands. Their language was spoken in every port. In the great Orient their empire was fixed and their influence paramount. England was then hardly known abroad. Her difficult idiom grated on foreign ears, and her stormy coasts repelled the curiosity of more cultivated travellers. Had the thought of a day arriving when any single European language would be spoken by

millions of persons, scattered over the great continents of the earth from New Zealand to the Hebrides and from the Cape of Storms to the Arctic Ocean, occurred to any speculative mind, Dutch, not English, would probably have been the tongue to which he would have assigned the marvellous mission. Yet, Holland has fallen nearly as much as the Saxon has risen in the scale of nations. Her idiom is now acquired by few. Her merchants conduct their correspondence and transact their business in French or in English. Even her writers have many of them clothed their genius in a foreign garb. On the other hand, our literature and language have passed entirely out of this phase of danger. Dutch, like Welsh, Flemish, Erse, Basque, and other idioms, is doomed to perish as an intellectual medium; but whatever may be the future changes of the world, the tongue of Shakespeare and of Bacon is now too firmly rooted ever to be torn away. No longer content with mere preservation, it aims at universal mastery. Gradually it is taking possession of all the ports and coasts of the world; isolating all rival idioms, shutting them up from intercourse with each other, making itself the channel of every communication. At a hundred points at once it plays the aggressor. It contends with Spanish on the frontiers of Mexico; drives French and Russian before it in Canada and in the Northern Archipelago; supersedes Dutch at the Cape and Natal; elbows Greek and Italian at Malta and in the Ionian Islands; usurps the right of Arabic at Suez and Alexandria; maintains itself supreme at Liberia, Hong-Kong, Jamaica, and St. Helena; fights its way against multitudinous and various dialects in the Rocky Mountains, in Central America, on the Gold Coast, in the interior of Australia, and among the countless islands of the Eastern Seas. No other language is spreading in this way. French and German find students among cultivated men; but English permanently destroys and supersedes the idioms with which it comes in contact.

The relative growth of the two great Anglo-Saxon States is noteworthy. In 1801 the population of Great Britain was 10,942,646; in 1800, that of the United States was 5,319,762, or not quite half. In 1850 the population of the United States was two millions and a third more than that of Great Britain in 1851: at this moment it probably exceeds it by three millions. The rate of decennial increase in this country is less than 15 per cent., while in America it is about 35 per cent. In the great Continental States the rate is considerably lower than in England. According to the progress of the last fifty years in France and in America, the United States will have the larger population in 1870: in 1900 they will exceed those of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, and Switzerland combined. Prudent statesmen should bear these facts in mind. Many persons now alive may see the time when America will be of more importance to us, socially, commercially, and politically, than all Europe put together. Old diplomatic traditions will go for little in the face of a Transatlantic power numbering 100,000,000 of free and energetic men of our own race and blood.

#### THE HAPPY FAMILY.

An ingenious old fellow, by the name of *Æsop*, has happily embodied a History of Human Nature and its chief motives and

passions, in a series of fancy-scenes where Birds and Beasts are the principal characters. Nobody ever pretended that *Æsop* was an actual witness to these conversations, or that they ever actually occurred. The modern successor of the old fable-maker—who is to be found at the American Museum at all hours, day and evening, "without extra charge," has pushed the scheme a step further, and brings directly before us in a large wire cage the entire company of performers. We have observed the young man closely, and have attentively surveyed his collection, and if we are not grossly mistaken, BARNUM'S *Æsop* is quite as sly and deep as his ancient predecessor. He is evidently a man of satirical disposition, and in visiting the country at this time had a motive which any man may discern with half an eye in his head. He has a little moral to enforce (aside from wages), and he has skillfully chosen his time. If we have read the graphic announcement of the small bills aright, and if our eyes—which are generally true to us on such occasions—have not egregiously deceived us, in the inspection which we made on Thursday afternoon, the readers of this journal, and of every journal in the Union, are interested in the Exhibition of the hundred trained Animals and Birds, of the most diverse characters; yet all to be found, in singular association, in the same inclosure.

When we mention that a Presidential Election approaches, and call the reader's recollection to the strange intermingling of parties, the odd combinations of persons, and the piebald and parti-colored appearances which present themselves in every direction, suddenly associating "on terms of lasting friendship and amity,"—he will understand at once that this Happy Family of birds and beasts at the Museum is but a type of the approaching political condition of the country.

Here we have them all in a cage, Whigs, Democrats, Free Soilers, Webster-men, Hards, Softs, Scott-men, Lot-men, Free and Independent, Tide-Waiters, Natives, Liberty-men, Higher Law and Lower Law, Regulars and Irregulars—each one by his representative. In this singular assemblage, says our modern *Æsop*—we follow his announcement literally—are to be found bear, raccoon, opossum, monkeys, squirrels, cats, rats, dogs, rabbits, guinea pigs, hawks, owls, parrots, pigeons, partridges, blackbirds (genuine Free-soilers, no doubt), and others in great variety.

And now for a graphic picture, from the hand of a master, of the delightful aspect of a nominating convention, just on the eve of passing their "unanimous resolve." This Happy Family, continues the small bill, although opposed to each other—born enemies—nevertheless live together as happy as a bride and bridegroom during the honeymoon. The weak are without a fear, and the strong without a disposition to injure. Several monkeys and other animals are constantly performing a variety of strange and laughable manœuvres, and you see the game dog caressing squirrels; rats and cats in friendly intercourse; hawks doing the amiable to young pigeons; and owls brooding over mice as lovingly as if they were young owlets, fresh from the shell. It is (in conclusion) the most extraordinary instance of the Annihilation of Antipathies for the Common Good, and must be witnessed to be appreciated.

The sly allusions and home thrusts here are almost numberless. The monkeys who perform a variety of strange and laughable manœuvres, we see at a glance, are certain restless politicians, who are unable to "locate" themselves, like their representatives here, to speak figuratively, at one time seated on the top of a green can, and at the next nursing the tail of the Guinea Pig. A swaggering demagogue appears in the person of a little strutting bantam; and so the rest.

But high above all others, in this general assemblage, each on a "platform" by himself, we have, obviously as types of the two presidential candidates: on one side a great owl of the cat species, on the other a great horned owl, both of them holding themselves up very loftily, rolling their eyes fiercely upon each other, and shaking their heads in a very knowing manner, in answer, we presume, to letter-writing committees and conventions. There is also a comfortable gentleman, an old office-holder, we presume, in the shape of a bear, who rolls himself in a corner, dozing away his time, apparently with nothing to do but to sleep and take his salary on the regular pay days.

But among all these strangely associated beauties, there is one (cunningly omitted from the regular bills of performance),—a dark-brown personage—who, we observed, lies *perdu* to the last moment of the exhibition—when, lo and behold, not having been heard of before—he starts up, raises his tail aloft to a great height, and struts about the observed of all observers, the principal figure in the collection. This, we are told by the ingenious exhibitor, is known among naturalists as the great Cooty Mooney, among politicians he would be immediately recognised as the Available Candidate.—(*Courier and Enquirer*.)

#### VARIETIES.

GLEANINGS from a new London volume, "The Kaleidoscope of Anecdotes and Aphorisms," collected by CATHERINE SINCLAIR, author of "Lord and Lady Harcourt," "Moderate Accomplishments," &c.

#### XXXII.

Catharine de Medicis, being told of an author who had written a violent philippic against her, exclaimed with momentary regret: "Ah! if he did but know of me all that I know against myself!"

#### XXXIII.

Sir John Germain was so ignorant, that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel!

#### XXXIV.

St. Francis de Sales being consulted by a lady on the lawfulness of wearing rouge, replied: "Some persons may object to it, and others may see no harm in it, but I shall take a middle course, by allowing you to rouge on one cheek."

#### XXXV.

When the persecuting Papists boasted much of their moderation, it was observed in the House of Commons: "They should rather boast of their murder-ation."

#### XXXVI.

Robert Hall said of family prayer, "it serves as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life from unravelling."

#### XXXVII.

Hannah More said to Horace Walpole: "If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by



fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

## XXXVIII.

Of all actions of a man's life, says Selden, his marriage does *least* concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.

## XXXIX.

Bonaparte said once: "Clergymen consider this world only as a diligence, in which they can travel to another."

## XL.

When Paley dined out, for the first time, after being promoted in the church, he was in a state of good-humored jocularity on his accession of dignity, and called out during dinner to one of the servants: "Shut down the window behind my chair, and open another behind one of the curates."

## XLI.

Dr. Hutchinson, who collected above £3,000 for repairing a church in Derby, was so indefatigable, that once, when "the Waits" fiddled at his door for a Christmas-box, he invited them to enter his house, treated them to ale, and over-persuaded them to subscribe a guinea.

## XLII.

Bishop Hackett's motto: "Serve God, and be cheerful."

## XLIII.

In 1726 Lady Palmerston bequeathed to her husband, "as a remembrance of death and also of the fondest and faithfulest friend he ever had," two gold chocolate cups made out of mourning rings, and used by her daily as a memorial of her departed friends and of eternity.

## XLIV.

In conversation, a wise man may be at a loss how to begin; but a fool never knows how to stop.

## XLV.

M. Thiers said of Madame de Staël's writings: "They are the perfection of mediocrity."

## XLVI.

A Gascon, when proving his nobility, asserted that in his father's castle they used no other firewood than the batons of the *Maréchaux* of France of his family.

## XLVII.

Curran's advice to orators: "When you can't talk sense, talk metaphor."

## XLVIII.

In Belzoni's tomb, and many others still extant, all the gods and goddesses are represented as pea-green.

## XLIX.

A young Irish student at the Veterinary College, being asked "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise," promptly replied: "To sell him as soon as possible."

## L.

An Irishman telling Grattan of an officer who was supposed to be deficient in courage, and that he never fought, was answered: "But I know of his having fought often, for he has, on many occasions, fought shy."

**PATIENCE OF THE AMERICANS.**—I have invariably remarked that, eager and go-ahead as they are, the Americans are the most philosophically patient travellers in the world. You are kept waiting for a cow, or a pig, or another train coming, or a forgotten wife, and they betray no symptoms of impatience or indignation. The *contretemps* is borne with the most inexhaustible stoicism and the most unvanquishable good temper. How an Englishman would fume and fret!—*Lady E. S. Wortley's Travels in the United States in 1849-50.*

## LONDON IN 1774.

"I know nothing, but that politics are dead, literature obsolete, the stage lower than in the days of Mysteries, the actors as bad as the plays, the macaroni as poor as the nabobs are rich, and nothing new upon earth but coats and waistcoats; as for women, they think almost as little of their petticoats as the men do. We are to have my Lord Chesterfield's works, and my Lord Lyttleton's works, which will not much reanimate the age, the *Saturnia regna*."

## ENVY OF SHAKESPEARE.

"Voltaire has lately written a letter against Shakespeare (occasioned by the new paltry translation, which still has discovered his miraculous powers,) and it is as downright Billingsgate as an apple-woman would utter if you overturned her wheelbarrow. Poor old wretch! how envy disgraces the brightest talents! how Gray adored Shakespeare! Partridge, the Almanack-maker, perhaps was jealous of Sir Isaac Newton. Dr. Goldsmith told me he himself envied Shakespeare, but Goldsmith was an idiot, with once or twice a fit of parts. It hurts one when a real genius like Voltaire can feel more spite than admiration, though I am persuaded that his rancor is grounded on his conscious inferiority. I wish you would lash this old scorpion a little, and teach him awe of English poets."

## A BON MOT BY WALPOLE.

"Last week at Princess Amelie's (another of my courts in miniature) Lady Margaret Compton said she was as poor as Job. 'I wonder,' said Lady Barrymore, 'why people only say as poor as Job, and never as rich, for in one part of his life he had great riches.' 'Yes,' said I, 'Madam, but then they pronounce his name differently, and call him *Jobb*.'"

## CHARLES FOX AND HIS FRIENDS (1782).

"The other night at Brooks's the conversation turned on Lord Falkland: Fitzpatrick said he was a very weak man, and owed his fame to Lord Clarendon's partiality. Charles Fox was sitting in deep reverie, with his knife in his hand. 'There,' continued Fitzpatrick, 'I might describe Charles meditating on the ruin of his country, ingeminating the words, peace! peace! and ready to plunge the knife into his own bosom.'—'Yes,' rejoined Hare, in the same ironic dolorous tone, 'and he would have done so, but happening to look on the handle of the knife, he saw it was silver, and put it in his pocket.'"

## SELWYN'S JOKE ON THE FALL OF LORD NORTH.

"George Selwyn said an excellent thing the other night. Somebody at White's missing Keene and Williams, Lord North's confidants, asked where they were? 'Sitting up with the corpse, I suppose,' said Selwyn. This was quite in character for him, who has been joked with for loving to see executions and dead bodies."

**ECCENTRICITY IN THE OLD DOMINION** [from a letter in the *National Intelligencer*, dated Moorfield, Hardy County, Va., May 6—one of a series, on *The Sources of the Potomac*.]—"One story that I have picked up here, illustrates the character of an old hunter, who lives upon one of the neighboring mountains. For many years past he has imposed upon the credulity of his more ignorant brethren of the bush by passing himself off as a wizard, by which profession he managed to pick up a good deal of money. And the manner in which he originally established his reputation, and made himself the terror of the country, was as follows: A brother hunter came to him with his rifle, declaring that he had made many shots at deer and other wild animals, but that he could never hit any of them, and he therefore supposed it must be out of order. The wizard examined the gun, and perceiving at a glance that the sight was only out of its proper place, he mysteriously shook his head, and said that the gun had a spell upon it, which could not be removed without the

payment of three dollars. The man paid the money, and was told to call on the morrow. The sight was then fixed in its proper place, and when the man came after his gun he gave it a fair trial, and expressed himself as perfectly satisfied. The wizard then told the man that he must perform another secret incantation over the gun, and that it would be ready to take away in one hour; whereupon he retired into a room alone, when he proceeded to load the gun with a small charge of powder, using for a wad a quantity of soft *spunk*; and this charge he continued to repeat till the barrel was filled within a foot of the muzzle. He now came forth to deliver the gun into the hands of its owner, and while giving him some particular directions as to how he must hold the gun, and prohibiting him from looking behind, while he was to hasten home with all possible dispatch, the wizard slyly dropped a coal of fire into the rifle, and the man disappeared. Hardly had he gone a hundred yards before bang! went the old gun, and the hunter was alarmed; a few moments more, and a second charge followed, and he was astounded; another brief period elapsed, and still another report followed; another, and still another, when the poor hunter became almost frantic with fear, and, throwing the gun away, he ran for his home with all speed, while nearly every dozen paces that he accomplished was measured by the explosions of the spell-bound gun. Of course the narrow escape which he had made was soon spread far and wide, and the power as well as wickedness of the wizard were universally acknowledged.

"Of another eccentric character, a wealthy but improvident farmer, long since deceased, I have heard the following particulars: He was famous for always being in a hurry, and on one occasion he set out from home early in the morning, informing his family that he was in a hurry, and would be back in a couple of days. He departed, and was gone *two years*. On his return, he stopped within a mile of his own habitation, where he met an old acquaintance, who invited him to supper. 'Oh, I am in a hurry,' he replied, 'and cannot.' But he did dismount, and spent *two weeks* with his friend. He once went to Washington with a drove of cattle, and, just as he was about ready to return, he thought he would call and pay his respects to the (then) President, Mr. Adams. He did so, riding directly up to the front door of the White House. He happened to meet the President at the threshold, who invited him to come in and spend a little time. He was again 'in a hurry, and had not the leisure to spare,' but finally had his horse sent to the stable, and spent only some ten days as the guest of the President. Towards the latter part of his life he was a good deal troubled by the sheriff of the county, who was constantly trying, but in vain, to execute a *ca. sa.* upon him. During this period he was particularly a 'home body,' and of course was constantly on the watch for the officer of justice; and, whenever he saw that officer approaching his dwelling, he would lock his doors, and ascending to an upper window, would then safely hold a conversation with the sheriff, and also lower into his hands, by a small cord, a glass of old rye, with cake and apples. Four years before his death he was prosecuted for the non-payment of a large debt, which he declined settling upon any conditions. The lawyers, after taking his personal property, told him that unless he consented to give up his real estate he would have to be imprisoned. He was perverse in his opposition, and had to take up his abode in the county jail. He had a room handsomely fitted up for his accommodation, where, in the enjoyment of good liquor and all the luxuries of the country, he spent the remainder of his days. He was a great favorite, and his funeral was one of the largest that ever took place in Moorfield."

Sir Emerson Tennant, Governor of St. Helena, formerly connected with the administration in Ceylon, has written a book, "*Christianity in Ceylon*," in which he praises highly the labors of American missionaries.

## PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—"J. H." received. We have not access to the number of the English journal to which "Colles" alludes: A line to "Notes and Queries," London, will answer his purpose. B. H. received.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MESSRS. BANKS, GOULD & Co., of Nassau street, and Broadway, Albany, have printed and will shortly publish, in one volume 8vo., Dart's Law and Practice of Vendors and Purchasers of Real Estate; with copious notes and references to the American and English Decisions and a prefatory view of the existing law of real Property in England and the United States, by Thomas W. Waterman. The same house have in press a new edition of Eden on the Law of Injunctions, with American notes, &c.; Jurisdiction, Duty, and Authority of the Magistrates in the State of New York in Criminal Courts, by Oliver L. Barbour, second edition; a Treatise on the Law of Fixtures, by Amos and Ferard, edited, with notes, by Wm. Hogan, second edition; and English Chancery Reports, volumes 24 to 28. Messrs. Banks, Gould & Co. have added to the very valuable list of Law publications they own in Edwards's Chancery Reports, vol. 4; Barbour's Supreme Court Reports, volume 7; English Chancery Reports, vol. 23; and Waterman's American Chancery Digest, 3 vols. 8vo. Lately published by them, seventh edition of Kent's Commentaries. It is announced that the Hon. William Kent, late Dane Professor in the Law School of Harvard College, is preparing a new edition of the invaluable Commentaries on American Law, of his distinguished father. From the extensive professional practice and well known ability of the present editor this edition will no doubt have the advantage of its predecessors.

In the July number of Willis & Co.'s Bank Note List, among other valuable contents, is an interesting and useful article lately compiled on the Mills of Lowell, showing of each—the Capital—No. of spindles and looms—No. of males and females employed—Consumption of cotton and wool, weekly—No. of yards made, dyed, and printed, weekly—annual consumption of coal, charcoal, firewood, oil, starch, and flour, and the general aggregates. Also the date when each company commenced operations—current value of stock in the market, &c.

Francis Lieber, Esq., the eminent Professor of History of Columbia, South Carolina, has sailed for Europe. We understand he is to be the guest in London of the celebrated Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Minister there.

The Rainbow in the North, a Short Account of the First Establishment of Christianity in Rupert's Land, by the Church Missionary Society, illustrated; The World of Waters, illustrated; the second volume of Calvin's Life; a new volume of Prayers, for Family Worship; Bonar on Leviticus; Brown on the Sayings and Doings of Christ, in 3 vols.; and a Memoir of W. H. Hewitson, are announced as in press by ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS.

An interesting work may be expected in the Life and Correspondence of Judge Story, by his son, soon to be published, in two volumes, by those publishers of good books, Messrs. LITTLE & BROWN, Boston.

The same publishers have in press the Works of Daniel Webster, edited by Mr. Everett, in seven large 8vo. volumes. The two first volumes are printed. The seven, when complete, will contain the Miscellaneous Speeches in Congress, Diplomatic Correspondence, and other matter; accompanied by notes, some by Mr. Webster and some by Mr. Everett.

The Boston Traveller says that the Library of Dr. Neander of Berlin, consisting of nearly 5000 volumes of standard works, has been offered for \$3000 to Lane Seminary.

The Rev. Mr. Hague's discourse on Dr. Judson's life and character, delivered in Boston during the Anniversary week, has been issued in very neat style by Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston. It is an eloquent and able tribute to one of the purest and greatest evangelists of modern times.

A NEW SPANISH DICTIONARY.—Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. are preparing for early publication a new Dictionary of the Spanish and English Languages, in two parts. 1. Spanish and English. 2. English and Spanish. By M. Velasquez de la Cadena and Dr. Seoane. To be in one large 8vo. volume, uniform with Prof. Adler's German Dictionary. They have recently published Ollendorff's Method for Learning Spanish, with a Key; Velasquez's Spanish Reader, with Lexicon; and a Spanish Phrase-Book. Last week was added to this list, in one volume 12mo., Ollendorff's Grammar for Spaniards to learn English. The increase of the study of the Spanish language with us, and its advantages, is one of the most pleasing specimens of the fruits of our Mexican conquest.

A NEW FRENCH DICTIONARY.—Messrs. C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia, have in press, to be published immediately, a new standard French and English and English and French Dictionary, by Prof. A. G. Collet, author of a complete Course on French Study. This is to be a large class-work of about 1400 pages, composed from the dictionaries of the Academy, Laveaux, Boiste, &c., and Webster, Johnson, Richardson, Brande, McCulloch, &c., and will comprise, besides all words in general use, those that have sprung out of modern discoveries and improvements, words used in the sciences, the arts, manufactures, trade, the navy, &c. The whole preceded by a complete treatise on pronunciation.

The fifth volume of the writings of Alexander Hamilton is now ready, from the press of Messrs. C. S. FRANCIS & Co. This volume embraces his Cabinet and Military Papers, and Correspondence with Washington, Sedgwick, Jay, King, Pinckney, &c. The whole will be completed in two more volumes.

MESSRS. C. H. PIERCE & Co., Boston, have just reprinted, Lectures on the Ninth of Romans, Election, and the Influence of the Holy Spirit, by Rev. Asa Mahan, President of Oberlin College. This book, first published in England, reached a sale of ten editions there.

The third edition, largely illustrated, revised, and corrected, of Dr. C. D. Hammond's Medical Information for the Million has just been published by Mr. WM. HOLDREDGE, No. 140 Fulton street. This is one of those portable cyclopædias so useful to those living at a distance from professional aid, and needing advice for the ready administering to the wants of a case, or who prefer depending upon a printed guide, and their own judgment.

MESSRS. BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia, have nearly ready for publication, Mrs. Marsh's Romantic History of the Huguenots, and Palgrave's History of Normandy and England.

The Twenty-first Cincinnati Trade Sale will commence on the 13th of October. For particulars, see advertisement in this number.

The History of Alabama, and incidentally of Georgia and Mississippi, from the Earliest Period, by Col. A. J. Pickett, is in press at Charleston, S. C.

G. H. HICKMAN, Baltimore, is publishing the Life, Speeches, Orations, and Diplomatic Papers of General Cass.

MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia, will shortly publish The Scalp Hunters; or, Romantic Adventures in Northern Mexico, by Captain Reid—also, The Human Body and its Connexion with Man, by J. J. G. Wilkinson.

MESSRS. LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia, will publish about the first of August "A Complete Manual of the Microscope," by J. H. Wythes, M.D.; Ranking's Half-Yearly Ab-

stract of the Medical Sciences to July, 1851; and Craigie's Elements of General and Pathological Anatomy. Messrs. L. & B. have also other valuable books in press, as see their advertisement.

## LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 12TH TO THE 26TH OF JULY.

- Abbott (J. S. C.)—History of Josephine—illustrated. 12mo. pp. 328 (Harper & Bros.)  
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